After the War

Two Stories

by

Sarah Orne Jewett

Annotated 2nd Edition

by

Terry Heller

Sarah Orne Jewett Press

2025

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Coe College

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Main entrance, west side, of St. Helena's Church
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Introduction

Sarah Orne Jewett set only a handful of her stories and sketches outside of New England Just one of her novels uses settings in France and the west of England in addition to New England, *The Tory Lover* (1901). The following list includes those stories and sketches with at least some primary settings elsewhere.

1868 Jenny Garrow's Lovers. Rural England.

1875 Tame Indians. Green Bay, Wisconsin.

1882 An Afternoon in Holland. Travel sketch.

1888 Mère Pochette. Quebec, Canada.

The Mistress of Sydenham Plantation. Beaufort, South Carolina

1890 Jim's Little Woman. St. Augustine, Florida

1891 A Little Captive Maid. Episodes in Kenmare, Ireland.

1893 From Venice to One at Home. Travel sketch.

A Lonely Worker. Travel sketch. St. Augustine, Florida.

1894 Betty Leicester's English Christmas. London, England.

1895 A War Debt. Rural Virginia.

A Dark Night. West England.

1899 The Queen's Twin. An episode is set in London, England.

1900 The Foreigner. An episode is set in Kingston, Jamaica.

Of these pieces, only the first was set in a location that Jewett had, at that time, never visited.

This volume presents annotated editions of two of these stories: "The Mistress of Sydenham Plantation" (1888) and "A War Debt" (1895), both of which are set in the Old Confederacy not long after the American Civil War.

"The Mistress of Sydenham Plantation" originated in the early spring of 1888. At the beginning of March, Jewett accompanied the seriously ill Annie Adams Fields to St. Augustine, FL, to help her recuperate. At the end of March, during a leisurely return to New England, they stopped in Beaufort, SC, and visited the Sea Islands, where Fields's friend, Laura Towne, operated a school for freedmen. Jewett's experience during this part of the trip seems to have affected her deeply, leading her to carefully observe and present the hitherto unfamiliar setting of her story. At its center is an exploration of the unbearable losses a southern plantation owner has suffered as a result of her family's unjust effort to maintain the slavery system that had been the basis of their wealth.

Little is known about the origin of "A War Debt," and its setting somewhere in Virginia is less definite than the area of Beaufort, SC. However, it shares with "Mistress" a portrait of a plantation-owning family, which also has suffered unbearable loss in the American Civil War. Critics disagree about Jewett's intentions in this story, two main approaches indicated by Patrick Gleason in "Sarah Orne Jewett's 'The Foreigner' and the Transamerican Routes of New England Regionalism," *Legacy* 28:1 (2011): 25-46, and my view, argued first in "To Each Body a Spirit: Jewett and African Americans," *New England Quarterly* 84:1 (2011) 123-58. Gleason and others have read the story as rooted in Jewett's purported nostalgia for the culture of the ante-bellum southern aristocracy. I believe that this is one of Jewett's less successfully realized stories, but that it is clear enough that her own sympathies were not those of her main character, Tom Burton, for here as in "Mistress," she focusses reader attention upon the horrific losses the Bellamy family and the Confederacy generally suffered as a result of their morally blind war to preserve slavery. While it is a "reconciliation story," the reconciliation it presents is like those in several of Jewett stories that culminate in ending a destructive conflict, like "Law Lane" (1887) and "Bold Words at the Bridge" (1899). Perhaps it is a weakness of "A War Debt" that it lacks a realized mediator like Mrs. Powder in "Law Lane" or even the stranger in need who draws the two quarreling friends together in "Bold Words." This lack may open the door to reading the story as affirming the politically naïve

component of Burton's sympathy for the Bellamy family.

In my view, both of these stories explore the aftermath of the American Civil War, showing the pathos and suffering of good people and their families resulting from their going to war to defend the indefensible institution of slavery. That they deserve sympathy does not mean that Jewett thought their "lost cause" was just or that a restoration of their pre-war culture is desirable.

My interest in these two stories began with work on "To Each Body a Spirit," when I was impressed by the setting of "The Mistress of Sydenham Plantation," for it was so fully specified as to invite an exploratory visit, which I undertook in the summer of 2014. That trip increased my appreciation for Jewett's careful observation, for so much of what she saw and included remains visible in the town of Beaufort and its surrounding area. "A War Debt," with its less specific setting, interested me because it seemed to continue Jewett's presentation of the post-war South and because Jewett's revisions of its ending were intriguing.

When "Mistress" appeared in *Atlantic Monthly*, Jewett was a firmly established professional author, having published three novels and four collections of her adult short fiction. She was publishing multiple stories each year in the major American magazines: *Atlantic, Harper's,* and *Scribner's*. She had recently completed what turned out to be a quite challenging project, producing *The Story of the Normans* (1887) for a series of popular histories. She was in the sixth year of her "Boston Marriage" with Fields, with whom she had travelled to Europe in 1882.

For Jewett 1888 was pivotal year. She published two stories that were set outside her usual, familiar locations. "Mère Pochette," set in French Canada, appeared in March, followed by "Mistress" in August. Viewed in isolation, this may not seem so significant, but these stories began Jewett's explorations in fiction of more diverse people and places, some from outside her familiar New England, marking what in retrospect may be seen as an explicit extension of the purpose she found for herself when she wrote "Tame Indians" and expressed in her preface to *Deephaven* (1877), but with greater attention to making more distant neighbors acquainted with each other. The two stories about people who lived at some physical or cultural distance from New England were followed by a number of stories that presented the lives of Irish immigrants, Minorcan Catholics in St. Augustine and others, culminating in "The Foreigner" (1900). Among these was "A War Debt."

This second edition *After the War* includes new material about "A War Debt." I prepared the first edition exclusively from materials then available at the Sarah Orne Jewett Text Project. After publishing the first edition of this volume, I came across an October 1894 note to Jewett from John D. Adams at *Harper's Monthly Magazine*. It read, in part, "Thank you for your kind note and your compliance with our request for shortening "A War Debt," unpleasant as it must have been to you." I wondered what she had cut when she shortened the story, and so I was moved to examine her manuscript. It turns out that Harvard's Houghton Library holds *two* manuscripts of "A War Debt." Transcriptions of both have been added to this volume, along with the Adams letter. They further complicate what can be known about this story.

A high wind was blowing from the water into the Beaufort* streets, -- a wind with as much reckless hilarity as March could give to her breezes, but soft and spring-like, almost early-summer-like, in its warmth.

In the gardens of the old Southern houses that stood along the bay, roses and petisporum-trees* were blooming, with their delicious fragrance. It was the time of wistarias and wild white lilies, of the last yellow jasmines and the first Cherokee roses.* It was the Saturday before Easter Sunday.*

In the quaint churchyard of old St. Helena's Church, a little way from the bay, young figures were busy among the graves with industrious gardening. At first sight, one might have thought that this pretty service was rendered only from loving sentiments of loyalty to one's ancestors, for under the great live-oaks, the sturdy brick walls about the family burying-places and the gravestones themselves were moss-grown and ancient-looking; yet here and there the wounded look of the earth appealed to the eye, and betrayed a new-made grave. The old sarcophagi and heavy tablets of the historic Beaufort families stood side by side with plain wooden crosses. The armorial bearings and long epitaphs of the one and the brief lettering of the other suggested the changes that had come with the war* to these families, yet somehow the wooden cross touched one's heart with closer sympathy. The padlocked gates to the small inclosures stood open, while gentle girls passed in and out with their Easter flowers of remembrance. On the high churchyard wall and great gate-posts perched many a mocking-bird*, and the golden light changed the twilight under the live-oaks to a misty warmth of color. The birds began to sing louder; the gray moss that hung from the heavy boughs swayed less and less, and gave the place a look of pensive silence.

In the church itself, most of the palms and rose branches were already in place for the next day's feast, and the old organ followed a fresh young voice that was being trained for the Easter anthem. The five doors of the church were standing open. On the steps of that eastern door which opened midway up the side aisle, where the morning sun had shone in upon the white faces of a hospital in war-time, -- in this eastern doorway sat two young women.

"I was just thinking," one was saying to the other, "that for the first time Mistress Sydenham has forgotten to keep this day. You know that when she has forgotten everything and everybody else, she has known when Easter came, and has brought flowers to her graves."

"Has she been more feeble lately, do you think?" asked the younger of the two. "Mamma saw her the other day, and thought that she seemed more like herself; but she looked very old, too. She told mamma to bring her dolls, and she would give her some bits of silk to make them gowns. Poor mamma! and she had just been wondering how she could manage to get us ready for summer, this year, -- Célestine and me," and the speaker smiled wistfully.

"It is a mercy that the dear old lady did forget all that happened;" and the friends brushed some last bits of leaves from their skirts, and rose and walked away together through the churchyard.

The ancient church waited through another Easter Even, with its flowers and long memory of prayer and praise. The great earthquake had touched it lightly,* time had colored it softly, and the earthly bodies of its children were gathered near its walls in peaceful sleep.

From one of the high houses which stood fronting the sea, with their airy balconies and colonnades, had come a small, slender figure, like some shy, dark thing of twilight out into the bright sunshine. The street was empty, for the most part; before one or two of the cheap German shops a group of men watched the little old lady step proudly by. She was a very stately gentlewoman, for one so small and thin; she was feeble, too, and bending somewhat with the weight of years, but there was true elegance and dignity in the way she moved, and those who saw her -- persons who shuffled when they walked, and boasted loudly of the fallen pride of the South -- were struck with sudden deference and admiration. Behind the lady walked a gray-headed negro, a man who was troubled in spirit, who sometimes gained a step or two, and offered an anxious but quite unheeded remonstrance. He was a poor, tottering old fellow; he wore a threadbare evening coat that might have belonged to his late master thirty years before.

The pair went slowly along the bay street to the end of a row of new shops, and the lady turned decidedly toward the water, and approached the ferry-steps. Her servitor groaned aloud, but waited in respectful helplessness. There was a group of negro children on the steps, employed in the dangerous business of crab-fishing; at the foot,

in his flat-bottomed boat, sat a wondering negro lad, who looked up in apprehension at his passengers. The lady seemed like a ghost. Old Peter, -- with whose scorn of modern beings and their ways he was partially familiar, -- old Peter was making frantic signs to him to put out from shore. But the lady's calm desire for obedience prevailed, and presently, out of the knot of idlers that gathered quickly, one, more chivalrous than the rest, helped the strange adventurers down into the boat. It was the fashion to laugh and joke, in Beaufort, when anything unusual was happening before the eyes of the younger part of the colored population; but as the ferryman pushed off from shore, even the crab-fishers kept awe-struck silence, and there were speechless, open mouths and much questioning of eyes that showed their whites in vain. Somehow or other, before the boat was out of hail, long before it had passed the first bank of raccoon oysters,* the tide being at the ebb, it was known by fifty people that for the first time in more than twenty years the mistress of the old Sydenham plantation on St. Helena's Island* had taken it into her poor daft head to go look after her estates, her crops, and her people. Everybody knew that her estates had been confiscated during the war; that her people owned it themselves now, in three and five and even twenty acre lots; that her crops of rice and Sea Island cotton* were theirs, planted and hoed and harvested on their own account. All these years she had forgotten Sydenham, and the live-oak avenue, and the outlook across the water to the Hunting Islands, where the deer ran wild; she had forgotten the war; she had forgotten her children and her husband, except that they had gone away, -- the graves to which she carried Easter flowers were her mother's and her father's graves, -- and her life was spent in a strange dream.

Old Peter sat facing her in the boat; the ferryman pulled lustily at his oars, and they moved quickly along in the ebbing tide. The ferryman longed to get his freight safely across; he was in a fret of discomfort whenever he looked at the clear-cut, eager face before him in the stern. How still and straight the old mistress sat! Where was she going? He was awed by her presence, and took refuge, as he rowed, in needless talk about the coming of the sandflies* and the great drum-fish* to Beaufort waters. But Peter had clasped his hands together and bowed his old back, as if he did not dare to look anywhere but at the bottom of the boat. Peter was still groaning softly; the old lady was looking back over the water to the row of fine houses, the once luxurious summer homes of Rhetts and Barnwells,* of many a famous household now scattered and impoverished. The ferryman had heard of more [one than] than one bereft lady or gentleman who lived in seclusion in the old houses. He knew that Peter still served a mysterious mistress with exact devotion, while most of the elderly colored men and women who had formed the retinues of the old families were following their own affairs, far and wide.

"Oh, Lord, ole mis'! what kin I go to do?" mumbled Peter, with his head in his hands. "Thar'll be nothin' to see. Po' ole mis', I do' kno' what you say. Trouble, trouble!"

But the mistress of Sydenham plantation had a way of speaking but seldom, and of rarely listening to what any one was pleased to say in return. Out of the mistiness of her clouded brain a thought had come with unwonted clearness. She must go to the island: her husband and sons were detained at a distance; it was the time of year to look after corn and cotton; she must attend to her house and her slaves. The remembrance of that news of battle and of the three deaths that had left her widowed and childless had faded away in the illness it had brought. She never comprehended her loss; she was like one bewitched into indifference; she remembered something of her youth, and kept a simple routine of daily life, and that was all.

"I t'ought she done fo'git ebryt'ing," groaned Peter again. "O Lord, hab mercy on ole mis'!"

The landing-place on Ladies' Island was steep and sandy, and the oarsman watched Peter help the strange passenger up the ascent with a sense of blessed relief. He pushed off a little way into the stream, for better self-defense. At the top of the bluff was a rough shed, built for shelter, and Peter looked about him eagerly, while his mistress stood, expectant and imperious, in the shade of a pride of India tree.* that grew among the live-oaks and pines of a wild thicket. He was wretched with a sense of her discomfort, though she gave no sign of it. He had learned to know by instinct all that was unspoken. In the old times she would have found four oarsmen waiting with a cushioned boat at the ferry; she would have found a saddle-horse or a carriage ready for her on Ladies' Island for the five miles' journey, but the carriage had not come. The poor gray-headed old man recognized her displeasure. He was her only slave left, if she did but know it.

"Fo' Gord's sake, git me some kin' of a cart. Ole mis', she done wake up and mean to go out to Syd'n'am dis day," urged Peter. "Who dis hoss an' kyart in de shed? Who make dese track wid huffs jus' now, like dey done ride by? Yo' go

git somebody fo' me, or she be right mad, shore."

The elderly guardian of the shed, who was also of the old *régime*, hobbled away quickly, and backed out a steer that was broken to harness, and a rickety two-wheeled cart.* Their owner had left them there for some hours, and had crossed the ferry to Beaufort. Old mistress must be obeyed, and they looked toward her beseechingly where she was waiting, deprecating her disapproval of this poor apology for a conveyance. The lady long since had ceased to concern herself with the outward shapes of things; she accepted this possibility of carrying out her plans, and they lifted her light figure to the chair, in the cart's end, while Peter mounted before her with all a coachman's dignity, -- he once had his ambitions of being her coachman, -- and they moved slowly away through the deep sand.

"My Gord A'mighty, look out fo' us now," said Peter over and over. "Ole mis', she done fo'git, good Lord, she done fo'git how de Good Marsa* up dere done took f'om her ebryt'ing; she 'spect now she find Syd'n'am all de same like 's it was 'fo' de war. She ain't know 'bout what's been sence day of de gun-shoot on Port Royal and dar-away. O Lord A'mighty, yo' know how yo' stove her po' head wid dem gun-shoot; be easy to ole mis'."

But as Peter pleaded in the love and sorrow of his heart, the lady who sat behind him was unconscious of any cause for grief. Some sweet vagaries in her own mind were matched to the loveliness of the day. All her childhood, spent among the rustic scenes of these fertile Sea Islands, was yielding for her now an undefined pleasantness of association. The straight-stemmed palmettos stood out with picturesque clearness against the great level fields, with their straight furrows running out of sight. Figures of men and women followed the furrow paths slowly; here were men and horses bending to the ploughshare, and there women and children sowed with steady hand the rich seed of their crops. There were touches of color in the head kerchiefs; there were sounds of songs as the people worked, -- not gay songs of the evening, but some repeated line of a hymn, to steady the patient feet and make the work go faster, -- the unconscious music of the blacks, who sing as the beetle drones or the cricket chirps slowly under the dry grass. It had a look of permanence, this cotton-planting. It was a thing to paint, to relate itself to the permanence of art, an everlasting duty of mankind; terrible if a thing of force and compulsion and for another's gain, but the birthright of the children of Adam,* and not unrewarded nor unnatural when one drew by it one's own life from the earth.

Peter glanced through the hedge-rows furtively, this way and that. What would his mistress say to the cabins that were scattered all about the fields now, and that were no longer put together in the long lines of the quarters? He looked down a deserted lane, where he well remembered fifty cabins on each side of the way. It was gay there of a summer evening; the old times had not been without their pleasures, and the poor old man's heart leaped with the vague delight of his memories. He had never been on the block;* he was born and bred at old Sydenham; he had been trusted in house and field.

"I done like dem ole times de best," ventures Peter, presently, to his unresponding companion. "Dere was good 'bout dem times. I say I like de ole times good as any. Young folks may be a change f'om me."

He was growing gray in the face with apprehension; he did not dare to disobey. The slow-footed beast of burden was carrying them toward Sydenham step by step, and he dreaded the moment of arrival. He was like a mesmerized creature, who can only obey the force of a directing will; but under pretense of handling the steer's harness, he got stiffly to the ground to look at his mistress. He could not turn to face her, as he sat in the cart; he could not drive any longer and feel her there behind him. The silence was too great. It was a relief to see her placid face, and to see even a more youthful look in its worn lines. She had been a very beautiful woman in her young days. And a solemn awe fell upon Peter's tender heart, lest the veil might be lifting from her hidden past, and there, alone with him on the old plantation, she would die of grief and pain. God only knew what might happen! The old man mounted to his seat, and again they plodded on.

"Peter," said the mistress, -- he was always frightened when she spoke, -- "Peter, we must hurry. I was late in starting. I have a great deal to do. Urge the horses."

"Yas, mis', -- yas, mis'," and Peter laughed aloud nervously, and brandished his sassafras switch,* while the steer hastened a little. They had come almost to the gates.

"Who are these?" the stately wayfarer asked once, as they met some persons who gazed at them in astonishment.

"I 'spect dem de good ladies f'om de Norf,* what come down to show de cullud folks how to do readin'," answered Peter bravely. "It do look

kind o' comfo'ble over here," he added wistfully, half to himself. He could not understand even now how oblivious she was of the great changes on St. Helena's.

There were curious eyes watching from the fields, and here by the roadside an aged black woman came to her cabin door.

"Lord!" exclaimed Peter, "what kin I do now? An' ole Sibyl, she's done crazy too, and dey'll be mischievous together."

The steer could not be hurried past, and Sibyl came and leaned against the wheel. "Mornin', mistis," said Sibyl, "an' yo' too, Peter. How's all? Day ob judgment's* comin' in mornin'! Some nice buttermilk? I done git rich; t'at's my cow," and she pointed to the field and chuckled. Peter felt as if his brain were turning. "Bless de Lord, I no more slave," said old Sibyl, looking up with impudent scrutiny at her old mistress's impassive face. "Yo' know Mars' Middleton, what yo' buy me f'om? He my foster-brother; we push away from same breast. He got trouble, po' gen'elman; he sorry to sell Sibyl; he give me silver dollar dat day, an' feel bad. ["] Neber min', I say. I get good mistis, young mistis at Sydenham. I like her well, I did so. I pick my two hunderd poun'* all days, an' I ain't whipped. Too bad sold me, po' Mars' Middleton, but he in trouble. He done come see me last plantin'," Sibyl went on proudly. "Oh, Gord, he grown ole and poor-lookin'. He come in, just in dat do', an' he say, 'Sibyl, I long an' long to see you, an' now I see you;' an' he kiss an' kiss me. An' [dere 'sone] dere's one wide ribber o' Jordan*, an' we'll soon be dere, black an' white. I was right glad I see ole Mars' Middleton 'fore I die."

The old creature poured forth the one story of her great joy and pride; she had told it a thousand times. It had happened, not the last planting, but many plantings ago. It remained clear when everything else was confused. There was no knowing what she might say next. She began to take the strange steps of a slow dance, and Peter urged his steer forward, while his mistress said suddenly, "Good-by, Sibyl. I am glad you are doing so well," with a strange irrelevancy of graciousness. It was in the old days before the war that Sibyl had fallen insensible, one day, in the cotton-field. Did her mistress think that it was still that year, and -- Peter's mind could not puzzle out this awful day of anxiety.

They turned at last into the live-oak avenue, -- they had only another half mile to go; and here, in the place where the lady had closest association, her memory was suddenly revived almost to clearness. She began to hurry Peter impatiently; it was a mischance that she had not been met at the ferry. She was going to see to putting the house in order, and the women were all waiting. It was autumn, and they were going to move over from Beaufort; it was spring next moment, and she had to talk with her overseers. The old imperiousness flashed out. Did not Peter know that his master was kept at the front, and the young gentlemen were with him, and their regiment was going into action? It was a blessing to come over and forget it all, but Peter must drive, drive. They had taken no care of the avenue; how the trees were broken in the storm! The house needed -- They were going to move the next day but one, and nothing was ready. A party of gentlemen were coming from Charleston* in the morning! --

They passed the turn of the avenue; they came out to the open lawn, and the steer stopped and began to browse. Peter shook from head to foot. He climbed down by the wheel, and turned his face slowly. "Ole mis'!" he said feebly. *"Ole mis'!"*

She was looking off into space. The cart jerked as it moved after the feeding steer. The mistress of Sydenham plantation had sought her home in vain. The crumbled fallen chimneys of the house were there among the weeds, and that was all.

On Christmas Day and Easter Day, many an old man and woman come into St. Helena's Church who are not seen there the rest of the year. There are not a few recluses in the parish, who come to listen to their teacher and to the familiar prayers, read with touching earnestness and simplicity, as one seldom hears the prayers read anywhere. This Easter morning dawned clear and bright, as Easter morning should. The fresh-bloomed roses and lilies were put in their places. There was no touch of paid hands anywhere, and the fragrance blew softly about the church. As you sat in your pew, you could look out through the wide-opened doors, and see the drooping branches, and the birds as they sat singing on the gravestones. The sad faces of the old people, the cheerful faces of the young, passed by up the aisle. One figure came to sit alone in one of the pews, to bend its head in prayer after the ancient habit. Peter led her, as usual, to the broad-aisle doorway, and helped her, stumbling himself, up the steps, and many eyes filled with tears as his mistress went to her place. Even the tragic moment of yesterday was lost already in the acquiescence of her mind, as the calm sea shines back to the morning sun when another wreck has gone down.

Notes

"The Mistress of Sydenham Plantation" was the lead piece in *Atlantic Monthly* (62:145-150) in August 1888. This text is from *Strangers and Wayfarers* (1890).

Betty Jean Steinshouer's research indicates that Jewett visited Beaufort, in 1888, and met with Laura Towne, one of the first principals, at the Penn School during that visit. Penn School was founded during the Civil War to educate the newly freed slaves. See note below on the good ladies from the North.

In *Sarah Orne Jewett,* Blanchard says that in January, 1888, Annie Fields contracted pneumonia and nearly died. Her doctor recommending warm weather, Fields decided to go to St. Augustine, Florida, with Jewett to help her. Though Blanchard says the pair made stops in South Carolina on way to Florida, Jewett's letter to her sister, Mary, of 23 March 1888, shows that stops in Aiken and Beaufort, SC, occurred during a leisurely return from Florida, after their stay in St. Augustine. At the Aiken lodgings, "they ran into the distinguished abolitionist Senator George Edmunds of Vermont.... " At St. Helena, "they stayed with Annie's old friend Laura Towne, a homeopathic physician and educator who, many years earlier, had established a clinic and school on the island for its large population of freed slaves. By 1888 her work was largely done, and the community served as a model for others throughout the islands.... 'The result of her work lay like a map before us,' Annie wrote .... 'Every step spoke to us of the sacrifice and suffering of humanity and of its endurance in the present time'" (193-4).

Fields presents an account of her visit with Laura Towne in a memorial essay, included below, published in the Boston *Evening Transcript* upon Towne's death in 1901.

This text and the notes were prepared by Terry Heller and Chris Butler, Coe College, with assistance from Betty Jean Steinshouer, Bob Barrett, and various staff and collections at St. Helena's Parish, Penn Center Museum, Beaufort History Museum, and Verdier House Museum in Beaufort, SC.

Beaufort: Beaufort, South Carolina (founded in 1711) is located at the head of the Port Royal Sound on Port Royal Island, one of the Sea Islands. In a 31 March 1888 letter to her sister, Mary, Jewett wrote, "Sister has come to the prettiest place now that ever was!"

The Episcopal Parish Church of St. Helena is at 505 Church Street in Beaufort.

The exterior of the church is today much as it appeared at the time of Jewett's 1888 visit, except at that time there was no steeple (see A Collection of Photographs). However, Jewett has reoriented the church so that the nave runs south and north. The nave actually runs from west to the altar at the east end. The story has the young women talking in the eastern door half-way up the side aisle. The only door half-way up the side-aisle is the southern door.

The church is described as having five doors. Today there are seven doors: two facing west, one facing south, and four facing east.

As described, the church-yard is shaded by live oaks, and contains a number of enclosures, some brick, some stone, some wrought-iron. While the wrought-iron gates would accommodate padlocks, there are no locks today, and Parish Archivist, Bob Barrett, reports that they have not been locked within living memory.

Though there are no longer any wooden crosses or grave-markers, there are sarcophagi and stones memorializing the old families of Beaufort, notably the Rhetts and Barnwells, who are mentioned in the story.

petisporum-trees: This is a variation on the scientific name of a genus of trees within the *rosales* (rose) family. Pittosporum is a genus of evergreen trees and shrubs, and is both the largest (200 species) and most widely spread genus of the family *pittosporaceae*. (Source: Encyclopedia Britannica Online)

Cherokee roses: Of the genus *rosa*, this is the species *laevigata*. This climbing evergreen rose produces long, thorny, vine-like canes that sprawl across adjacent shrubs and other supports. The pure white single flowers appear in spring and are densely arranged along the length of the canes. The plant can reach 10 to 12 feet in height and 15 or more feet wide. (Source: www.floridata.com)

Easter Sunday: Christians celebrate the resurrection of Jesus Christ on this day each spring.

the war: The American Civil War, 1861-1865.

In March 2008, Bob Barrett, Archivist at the Parish Archives and Libraries, The Parish Church of St. Helena (Episcopal) in Beaufort, SC, reported that the Easter ritual of renewing the gardening around graves has not been a practice at this church in recent years, nor is there a written or oral account of such a practice in the past. He suggests that Jewett's description may have derived from the custom of children "Flowering the Cross" in the churchyard on Maundy Thursday of Holy Week.

mocking-bird: a North American singing bird (*Mimus polyglottos*), remarkable for its exact imitations of the notes of other birds. Its back is gray; the tail and wings are blackish, with a white patch on each wing; the outer tail feathers are partly white. The name is also applied to other species of the same genus, found in Mexico, Central America, and the West Indies. (Source: ARTFL Project: 1913 Webster's Revised Unabridged Dictionary)

touched it lightly: Though it is easy and natural to assume that Jewett refers to the Civil War when she speaks of the "great earthquake," that turns out not to be the case. She almost certainly refers to the Charleston earthquake of August/September 1886. Bob Barrett, of St. Helena's Church, reports that damage from this quake was extensive in the region, though the church was not seriously harmed. He reports "A contemporary diary account of the earthquake, by a member of the parish, recounts the earthquake and aftershocks. Domestic servants piled mattresses on the carriages, and the family slept at the Beaufort River for nearly three weeks."

Wikipedia says:

The Charleston Earthquake of 1886 was the largest quake to hit the Southeastern United States.

It occurred at 9:50 p.m. on August 31, 1886, and lasted just under a minute. The earthquake caused severe damage in Charleston, South Carolina, damaging 2,000 buildings and causing $6 million worth in damages, while in the whole city the buildings were only valued at approximately $24 million. Between 60 and 110 lives were lost. Some of the damage is still seen today.

Major damage occurred as far away as Tybee Island, Georgia (over 60 miles away) and structural damage was reported several hundred miles from Charleston (including central Alabama, central Ohio, eastern Kentucky, southern Virginia, and western West Virginia). It was felt as far away as Boston to the North, Chicago and Milwaukee to the Northwest, as far West as New Orleans, as far South as Cuba, and as far East as Bermuda.

Were Jewett referring to the war, her characterization of its effects on the church would be inaccurate. The church Jewett saw was much restored after the Civil War. The St. Helena's website says:

During the Civil War, when Union forces occupied Beaufort in November 1861, the entire congregation fled. Initially during the occupation, church services were held in St. Helena's, but eventually Federal troops converted the church to a hospital. The church was stripped of its furnishings, marble tombstones were brought in for use as operating tables, and the balconies were decked over to make a second floor.

'On a visit after the war in 1866,…' Bishop Thomas noted that 'the church was a wreck of its former self and could not be used.' Only a small marble font remains today of the furnishings prior to the war. … A new roof was put on the church in 1874, one-half of the expense being born by friends of St. Peter's, Perth Amboy, New Jersey. A new organ to replace, on a smaller scale, that lost in the Civil War was installed in 1876, officers of the U.S. Fleet assisting' (History Committee, *The History of the Parish Church of St. Helena.* Columbia, SC: The R.L. Bryan Company, 1990, p. xii.)

The original cedar box pews were replaced with heart of pine benches.

The present altar was given by the officers, and carved by the sailors, of the U.S.S. New Hampshire stationed in Port Royal Sound during the Reconstruction."

Probably the church had no steeple at the time Jewett visited. It was removed for safety in the 1860s and not restored until 1941.

The church history at the St. Helena's website confirms Jewett's observations about the prosperity of the parish before the war as reflected in the impressive ante-bellum graves in the churchyard. The churchyard is more or less as Jewett describes it, with its brick wall, constructed in 1804, and its impressive graves.

raccoon oysters: In the U.S., a small, brown-shelled oyster, *Ostrea frons*, found in clusters off the shores of south-eastern North America. (Source: *Oxford English Dictionary*).

St. Helena's Island ... Sea Island ... Hunting Islands ... Ladies' Island: The Sea Islands are a low-lying chain of sandy islands off the coasts of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, U.S., between the mouths of the Santee and St. Johns rivers and along the Atlantic Intracoastal Waterway. St. Helena Island, near Beaufort, SC, is one of the most prominent of these islands. Ladys (Ladies') Island and Hunting Island also are near Beaufort and Port Royal.

The local geography is likely to be confusing to readers not familiar with the area. Mrs. Sydenham takes the ferry from Beaufort to Ladies' Island, but when Peter mentions the teachers from the North, he indicates they are then on St. Helena Island.

From Beaufort, the ferry would cross to Ladies' Island (now called Lady's). It appears that Peter and Sydenham cross Ladies' Island

by cart to reach St. Helena Island, presumably the location of the former Sydenham plantation.

Sea Island cotton was of a special long-stranded variety, making it particularly valuable. After gaining control of the islands, the Union was eager to continue cotton production during the war.

Wikipedia says of St. Helena Island: "The area was noted to be similar to the rice growing region of West Africa and soon captured slaves were brought to the Sea Islands, mostly from what is today Sierra Leone. Rice, indigo, cotton and spices were grown by these slaves, as well as Native Americans, and indentured servants from Europe. The mix of cultures, somewhat isolated from the mainland, produced the Gullah culture."

After the Union occupation, St. Helena Island was divided among the former slaves into small farms, such as those Jewett describes. Beaufort and St. Helena's interesting history, particularly the Penn School (see below), has, according to Wikipedia, "helped the defenders of the Gullah culture fend off the development that has turned other Sea Islands like Hilton Head into resort areas. Condos and gated communities are not allowed on St. Helena. Some rural land has been preserved and much of the island is still owned by African-Americans. However, economic pressures have forced some off their land, and may forever change the character of the area."

At the opening of *Letters and Diary of Laura M. Towne* appears this contemporary description of the St. Helena's Island:

LOW-LYING cotton-fields, with here and there a sentinel palmetto; roads arched by moss-clad oak boughs; stretches of unclaimed timber and undergrowth; wide-sweeping marshes reflecting the moods and colors of the sky; the salt breath of the sea, softened by its passage over many islands; such is St. Helena. The cabins stand lonely and apart, most of them white, some painted pinks and reds. Here a woman, a bright bandana wound turban-like about her head, looks from her door; yonder the patriarchal figure of a man toils over the ploughed field. It is a land of great distances in a small compass, of soft colors, of a people utterly dependent on the soil and weather, primitive in their faith and courage, long-abiding, and wonderfully patient. Gratitude comes easily to their lips. Thankfulness for what they have received still seems the keynote of their lives.

That Mrs. Sydenham has forgotten her traumatic past and lives with a sort of dementia under the care of her former slave recalls a Beaufort legend that may have provided Jewett with the idea for this story. Sources disagree about which elements of this story are true, but it is told in Beaufort as an illustration of the kindness and generosity the Sea Islands' African-American Civil War hero, statesman and local leader, Robert Smalls. Blogger Ron E. Franklin tells a full version of this story:

One day, some years after the Civil War, a frail, elderly woman came to the house at 511 Prince Street in Beaufort, South Carolina, and as she had done innumerable times before, went in. She was Jane Bold McKee, and she had lived in this house with her husband, Henry McKee, for many years.

But by this point in her life, Jane McKee was afflicted with dementia. She didn't remember that before the war her husband had sold the property. During the war it was seized by the Federal Government from the new owner, who had become a colonel in the Confederate army, for non-payment of taxes. When the war ended in April of 1865, the house once again changed hands, bought by a man who was already intimately familiar with the place. It would be interesting to know if Jane McKee ever understood that the man who sometimes brought meals to her room was one of the most celebrated and influential men in all of South Carolina, and indeed, the nation.

The new owner was Robert Smalls, a Union war hero who had been born, on April 5, 1839, in a two-room shack behind the McKee house. And he had once been Henry and Jane McKee's slave.

Although they never freed him, the McKees had treated young Robert with extraordinary favor (it was rumored that Henry McKee was his father). Far from harboring any bitterness toward his former owners, Smalls saw the appearance of Jane McKee on his doorstep as an opportunity to give back. He opened his home to her, and she would spend the rest of her life living in the house she had loved, protected and provided for by the man who used to be her slave.

Andrew Billingsley, *Yearning to Breathe Free: Robert Smalls of South Carolina and His Families* (Columbia: University of South Carolina Press, 2007), 103-4, tells part of this story, with some new and different details, placing Mrs. McKee in Smalls's household from 1875-1904. Edward A. Miller, *Gullah Statesman: Robert Smalls from Slavery to Congress, 1839-1915* (Columbia: University of South Carolina Press, 1995), 127-8, expresses skepticism about several elements of the story. Whether the story is true is less important than that it was circulated in Beaufort and the Sea Islands and,

therefore, it was quite possible that Towne or others at the Frogmore school would have shared with Annie Fields and Jewett such stories about Smalls, an active supporter of the school.

sandflies: A member of the order *Ephemeroptera*, comprising the group of insects known as mayflies. Other common names for the winged stages are shadfly, dayfly, fishfly, and drake. The aquatic immature stage, called a nymph or naiad, is widely distributed in freshwater; a few species can tolerate the brackish water of marine estuaries. (Source: Encyclopedia Britannica Online)

drum-fish: Fish of the family *Sciaenidae*. The drums are so called because of the deep, reverberating sound they make, especially when flopping about on a deck or a pier. The "grunts" or "croaks" are a product of a taut, resonating gas bladder, strummed by muscles especially developed for such a function.

Rhetts and Barnwells: Both are well-known political and business families of South Carolina, and the names are associated with the movement toward secession that began the Civil War.

a rickety two-wheeled cart: Such a cart, pictured below, would have been not only inappropriate but ridiculous in appearance as transportation for a genteel white woman. The following image of an "African American man driving an ox cart, Beaufort, South Carolina, 1904" appears courtesy of The American Museum of Natural History Research Library Digital Special Collections.

Jewett obtained a similar photograph during her March 1888 stay in Aiken, SC, sending it to her sister, Mary. It may be seen in Harvard's Houghton Library collection: Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. 94 letters to Mary Rice Jewett; 1888-1900 & [n.d.] (Nos. 92-94 incomplete). Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence, 1868-1930. MS Am 1743.1 (121).

sassafras switch: The switch Peter is holding is from a sassafras tree. Most likely, this variety of sassafras is an American tree of the Laurel family (*Sassafras officinale*). The bark is aromatic both in smell and taste, and may be used for seasoning or flavor in dishes and beverages. (Source: ARTFL Project: 1913 Webster's Revised Unabridged Dictionary)

Good Marsa: "Good Marsa" refers to Abraham Lincoln "up dere" in Washington, who had sent the U.S. Navy early in the Civil War to begin the "Port Royal Experiment," whereby they cleared out all the plantation owners in the Sea Islands of South Carolina (i.e. forced them off their property except for their slaves) and conducted what amounted to a "dress rehearsal for Reconstruction." This is why the old mistress would not have returned to what had once been her land until after the war.

Port Royal, in Beaufort County, South Carolina, was considered a key Southern port during the Civil War, which is why the Union Navy moved quickly to blockade and then capture it. Wikipedia says: "In 1863, the Emancipation Proclamation was first read at Christmas under the Proclamation tree in Port Royal."

The "day of the big gun-shoot" was the Battle of Port Royal on November 7, 1861, an early Union victory in the war. Wikipedia says that the battle was so loud that it was reportedly heard along the coast as far away as present-day Florida. The battle was fought at some distance from Beaufort, and probably was louder on St. Helena's Island. It was fought from the sea against two forts, one on Hilton Head, the other on Phillips Island, at the Port Royal Entrance (Research assistance: Betty Jean Steinshouer).

An unresolved question about this story is whether Jewett drew upon local Gullah speakers for her use of Freedman's dialect. This may be the first story in which Jewett presents African Americans using dialect speech. Did she imitate African-American dialect from other works she had read, such as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, or did she listen to local speakers?

birthright of the children of Adam: To labor for one's food. See Genesis 3:17-18.

the block: the auction block, at which slaves were traded before the Civil War.

good ladies f'om de Norf: The good ladies were teachers sent in soon after the Union captured St. Helena to educate the former slaves. Wikipedia says: "Slaves were liberated and immediate steps were taken to help improve their lot. One of the most important was the establishment of Penn School to educate them." Now the Penn Center, founded in 1862, it is located south of Frogmore on St. Helena Island. Among the "good ladies," was Laura M. Towne.

Jewett wrote to her sister Mary on 1 April (Easter), 1888:

I feel as if I were at the end of the earth, but I only hope that all the other ends are as pleasant! We came across the long ferry in a rowboat this morning and then drove across Lady's Island and three miles, and across St. Helena's seven miles* before we came to the great clump of live oaks and the old plantation house* where Miss Towne and Miss Murray have lived for over twenty years. They have done everything for the colored people in teaching them other things besides book learning or rather they have taught to find the application of book learning to every day life. You would be surprised to see how neat and nice their houses are – and they were all out working on the land this morning as we drove along and were so respectable looking and polite – Miss Towne has a fortune which has helped her in many ways but nobody can tell how many sacrifices must be made when anybody starts out to do a thing like this and sticks to it – Miss Murray is an Englishwoman and they are such an interesting pair – and way off here they keep account of what is going on in the world and read and think about things as if they were in the middle of them, and perhaps more than we do. All the way along we have been seeing palms and palmettos and strange trees and flowers – and you have no idea what a difference there is in the size of the Sea Island cotton plants from those in Aiken. On some of these islands the cotton was worth $200 a pound (to put with silk) when the common cotton was only five cents.

Ellen Murray (1834-1908), Towne's close friend, shared the work at Penn School from 1862 until her death, primarily as teacher and school administrator. In *South Carolina Women: Their Lives and Times,* Ronald E. Butchart's "Laura Towne and Ellen Murray" (pp. 12-30) says that Murray was born in St. John, New Brunswick, Canada, and though her father died when she was 2, she and her two sisters were educated in Europe and eventually came to live in a substantial home in Newport, RI. There she became a teacher. Invited by Towne to help with the Penn School, Murray became an ardent abolitionist and advocate for African Americans.

Though both Towne and Murray came from privileged backgrounds and were well-educated, Butchart does not confirm that either was independently wealthy, as Jewett suggests in her letter.

Day ob judgment: see Revelations 20:11-14.

two hunderd poun': the weight in cotton Sibyl apparently was expected to pick each day during the cotton harvest.

wide ribber o' Jordan: African-American spirituals frequently referred to the River of Jordan as the boundary between life and death and also as the boundary between slavery and freedom. In the story of the Israelites' exodus from Egypt to Israel, the Jordan River represented the final boundary before they entered the Promised Land.

Charleston: Charleston, South Carolina is a major port on the Atlantic coast and a historic center of Southern culture. The city is situated on a peninsula between the estuaries of the Ashley and Cooper rivers, facing a fine deep water harbor. The settlement was founded in 1670, and moved to its present site in 1680.

Images from *Letters and Diary of Laura M. Towne* (1912).

THE PENN SCHOOL, 1909

Laura M. Towne
by Annie Fields

(The simple announcement in the evening paper, a few days ago, of the death of Laura M. Towne at St. Helena, S.C., has led her friends, both in Philadelphia and Boston, to ask that some brief account of her life and work might be given to the public.)

In the year 1862, the second of our Civil War, a party of ladies were seated around a pleasant breakfast table at a country house in the neighborhood of Philadelphia. The morning paper had been that moment brought in. It chanced to contain the proclamation issued by General Saxton, then stationed at Beaufort, S. C., his headquarters as general of the department of the South.

The proclamation contained an appeal to the women of the United States to the effect that although their work in the sanitary commission and in the hospitals was beyond praise, the most important question of all for the future of the country was the education of the Negro, and women, as teachers of the colored people, were needed everywhere. He begged the women who could leave home to answer his appeal and come South to him, where they might work in safety under the protection of the flag.

One of the ladies read this bulletin aloud. "What do you think of it?" said another, when she had finished. "I think," said Miss Sarah Freeman Clarke, who was visiting her friends at that time, "if I were free as you are I should respond to General Saxton's appeal."

Laura Towne, who was the best equipped of her family at that moment for such as undertaking, did not wait for these words to be spoken twice.

Twenty-six years later it was my privilege to visit Miss Towne at St. Helena Island, just off the coast of South Carolina, a low, water-soaked land without the benefit of the open sea on its eastern front, where it is covered by another wild hunting island used chiefly for the breeding and training of the small southern ponies peculiar to that locality, and reserved up to that time by rich planters for hunting and shooting.

Hearing I was at Beaufort, Miss Towne sent a rowboat with two colored boys to convey me to St. Helena, the only method of approach, and there, very near the beach, a carriage and two horses were waiting to bring me to the house.

As the horses walked on during two long hours, the intense heat forbidding more rapid travel to Northern bred animals, I was able to look about and to ask many questions. The coachman was a colored man, of course, but he was intelligent and could usually give me satisfactory replies. "You see, mis', I 'us one of Miss Towne's boys," he said by way of preface to his remarks. I reflected that he must have been a small child, just the age to go to school, when she began her work.

"Seems to me these are very nice looking houses," I said, as we passed at suitable distances good frame buildings of two stories, painted white with very bright green blinds. He then bade me observe a shed or pigsty standing near each house, and explained that in the days before Miss Towne came, the colored people lived in those sheds, but now they all had comfortable houses. I understood still further that when the planters fled and were obliged to abandon their lands, the colored people continued to raise the cotton and live upon the land, which became ultimately their own.

"How many colored people are there in the island?" I asked. "Between five and six thousand," he answered, "and about twenty white people." Meantime, we plodded along over the shelly road, crossing many little bridges and seeing small pools of water wherever a hole had been made in the land for any purpose. There was very little shade, only the wide cotton fields on either hand, an occasional liveoak tree and over many of the houses vines of Cherokee roses, which were then in bloom covering everything with masses of foliage and lovely cream-white blossoms. Presently a much larger building than the rest came in sight, standing among trees. We stopped the carriage for a moment. Here's the library and hall, he said, where we get our books and have our town meetings and our dances. It was not even then altogether finished, but there had been long years of waiting before the donor appeared for this much-needed place of reunion. At last, Mr. Henry L. Pierce of Milton, hearing what was wanted, indeed, what was so much needed at Helena, gave the whole sum necessary for the building.

But I was too impatient to linger longer than was necessary. At last we reached the door of the pleasant-looking house, with a real garden in front sloping down to the water, and I was met by Miss Towne and her devoted friend, Miss Murray, who shared her labor and experiences from the first.

Soon after my arrival, when we were sitting together in the drawing-room, I returned eagerly to the story of this undertaking. How did it happen? was my first question; to which Miss Towne responded by telling me of Miss Clarke's suggestion, and adding, "I sent to Miss Murray, my English friend, then living in Newport, the same afternoon. With admirable promptness she came to me at once, and before two days had gone we were standing in General Saxton's presence at Beaufort.

"He was receiving army men and others who were asking audience. We stood aside until the long succession of visitors had passed, when, perceiving us, he said: 'Ladies, what can I do for you?' We told him as we stood with our bags in our hands that we had come in answer to his appeal. 'Well done!' he said. 'Where do you wish to go?' 'Wherever you wish to send us,' was the answer. 'Very well,' he replied, after a moment. 'I would like to send you to the Island of St. Helena. There are not half a dozen white people there but between four and five thousand Negroes. The island has been a most valuable possession to the rich planters of the neighborhood, because fine long cotton, the only kind to be woven with silk, comes from there. The owners seldom visit it, however, except to ride across it on their hunting expeditions. They left everything to the care of their overseer, and it is his house, now vacant, which I shall ask you to take possession of and see what you can do for the island people.' "

Miss Towne was not a woman of many words, especially when the topic concerned herself and her own work. The perfect dignity and simplicity with which she reigned over her domain were felt and quietly observed by everyone who approached her.

She soon arose and asked if I should like to see the house.

Then I saw that a rambling, one-storied bungalow, which they had found on the spot, had been converted into a comfortable house by the addition of one story and other plain but necessary improvements. In front of the door was a noble specimen of a liveoak tree, in both sides of which chains were bolted. Here it was, before Miss Towne came, that in the evening, when the men and women brought home their measure of cotton, they were manacled and whipped if the proper quantity were not delivered; the men on one side of the tree, the women on the other. The ladies found on every side the signs of utter neglect of the people; the poor sheds in which they lived and the chains on the trees were proofs enough that the colored race existed in the eyes of their masters only to plant and gather the cotton crop. Among other causes of suffering was the absence of water to

drink. Water had been so scarce on the island that during the heat of midsummer every year cattle died and not infrequently human beings also.

One of Miss Towne's first labors, I discovered, was to make artesian wells all over the island, one by one, as fast as the money could be raised for them. There were twenty, if I remember correctly, at that time.

But the schoolhouse was, of course, the great centre of interest. Here one generation of people had already been taught, and they were sending in turn their children and children's children.

The building was Miss Towne's own gift. She had made provision for using it as a ward room for voting when the season came. In carrying out her many necessary plans for these neglected beings much money was needed. Her own fortune was freely given, but she also enjoyed the pleasure of assistance from her family and friends at the North.

The government of South Carolina soon recognized the value of Miss Towne's work, and gradually appointed her supervisor of other schools, one by one, until she found herself with the supervision of seventeen schools upon her hands beside her own.

It will easily be seen that every waking hour was occupied. She had studied medicine, but without the intention of becoming a practicing physician. She had her books with her and was soon regarded as their physician by all the people. Of law, too, she was not wholly ignorant, and the people brought their disputes for her to settle, and their wills for her to make, which, with the help of a few good law books, she was able to do. Indeed the story would be far too long to describe in detail how she gave herself and all she possessed for the natives of the island, and the dignity with which she reigned.

It was the month of April, but already intensely hot, so hot that it was difficult for me to sleep; all the more I felt myself in a kind of saint's rest when I saw the heroism which had faced exile and every difficulty for the sake of an oppressed people.

The year before my visit to St. Helena Miss Towne was one day surprised by a call from a party of teachers and friends from the mainland, bringing gifts as if for a festival. They were at last obliged to explain that they came to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of her arrival. She alone did not seem to have remembered how long she had been there.

In the residence of these two ladies, Miss Towne and Miss Murray, for Miss Murray's name must never be forgotten in this connection, on the distant desert island they adopted as their home, we possess an almost unparalleled history. Every detail would possess the keenest interest if it had been written down. They made the place beautiful for others and a living spring of happiness for themselves.

We have before us, nevertheless, even in its bare outlines, a noble picture of the power of continuance, of unconscious devotion, and the carrying out of an undertaking to what may be called a ripe conclusion.

These qualities make Miss Towne's service one of the most distinguished and heroic achievements, resulting from the great war for freedom of the colored race.

Notes

"Laura M. Towne" appeared shortly after Towne's death, in the Boston *Evening Transcript* of Saturday March 9, 1901; pages are not numbered; this piece appears on the 29th page.

Laura Matilda Towne was born May 3, 1825 in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania and died February 22, 1901 on St. Helena Island. With her friend, Ellen Murray, she established the Penn School and, in myriad ways, served the freed slaves in the Sea Islands near Beaufort, SC, as part of what has been termed "The Port Royal Experiment." See *Letters and Diary of Laura M. Towne*.

In *Sarah Orne Jewett*, Paula Blanchard says that in January, 1888, Annie Fields contracted pneumonia and nearly died. Her doctor recommending warm weather, Fields decided to go to St. Augustine, Florida, with Jewett to help her. They broke their journey at Aiken, South Carolina and at St. Helena. At the Aiken lodgings, "they ran into the distinguished abolitionist Senator George Edmunds of Vermont.... " At St. Helena, "they stayed with Annie's old friend Laura Towne, a homeopathic physician and educator who, many years earlier, had established a clinic and school on the island for its large population of freed slaves. By 1888 her work was largely done, and the community served as a model for others throughout the islands.... 'The result of her work lay like a map before us,' Annie wrote .... 'Every step spoke to us of the sacrifice and suffering of humanity and of its endurance in the present time'" (193-4).

St. Helena Island Scenes

from

Letters and Diary of Laura M. Towne (1912)

The Road to Penn School

Blanchard's account is not perfectly consistent with Fields's narrative in this memorial, but Blanchard did not draw upon this essay and Fields was recalling the event after about thirteen years. At the end of the Blanchard's story, she quotes from a letter Fields wrote soon after returning home from her trip. The letter may be found here: Schlesinger Library, Radcliffe Institute for Advanced Study, Harvard University; Ellis Gray Loring Family papers, 1828-1923 (A-115), folder 74, box 1. Annie Fields letter of June 18th 1888. 6 pages.

Marie Thérèse Blanc (1840-1907), a French journalist, essayist, and novelist, and a mutual friend of Jewett and Fields, took notice of Towne's death and of Fields's memorial piece. In the *Revue des Deux Mondes* 5 (1901), "L'autobiographie d'un Nègre," she wrote:

In the *Boston Transcript* of March 9, 1901, Mrs. Annie Fields devotes a very curious article to the memory of Miss Towne, who recently died at St. Helena in South Carolina, where, beginning in 1862, the second year of the Civil War, this valiant woman had gone, under the protection of the American flag, to devote herself to the education of a small group of almost primitive Negroes who had been abandoned by the planters to whom they belonged . To do that, she had left an easy and pleasant existence among the best society in Philadelphia and Boston. The rest of her life was spent on a marshy island devoted to the cultivation of cotton and so hot that summer is torture. There she brought education and order to five or six thousand Negroes, among whom there were little more than twenty white people . Her fortune, her time, her influence, she gave it all for these pitiful people who today have been rescued: a Miss Murray helped her in her heavy task. We are indebted to these ladies, and to their many friends , for the existence of artesian wells, bridges, schools, a library, the transformation of squalid huts into little homes that are clean and solidly constructed, and the resulting creation, in spite of the climate, of a kind of Arcadia of which Miss Laura Towne was truly the queen. We must speak of her work remembering that it took place at the same time as many other efforts which, though less original, were nevertheless laudable, and in which women always played a large part. [Translation: Jeannine Hammond, Coe College.]

The Mistress of Sydenham Plantation: *Atlantic Monthly* Text.

This text contains the relatively few changes made as it was prepared for the book publication of *Strangers & Wayfarers*.

> The few typographical changes between the texts have been made, but are not marked.

> Text that Jewett deleted for the book appears in [brackets in red.]

> Text that Jewett added for the book appears in [brackets in blue.]

> When hyphens have been added or removed, the original text is followed by bracketed text showing how it was changed for the book.

A high wind was blowing from the water into the Beaufort streets, -- a wind [with] [of] as [much] reckless hilarity as March could give to her breezes, but soft and spring-like, almost early-summer-like, in its warmth.

In the gardens of the old Southern houses that stood along the bay, roses and petisporum-trees were blooming, with their delicious fragrance. It was the time of wistarias and wild white lilies, of the last yellow jasmines and the first Cherokee roses. It was the Saturday before Easter Sunday.

In the quaint churchyard of old St. Helena's Church, a little way from the bay, young figures were busy among the graves with industrious gardening. At first sight, one might have thought that this pretty service was rendered only from loving sentiments of loyalty to one's ancestors, for under the great live-oaks[,] the sturdy brick walls about the family burying-places and the gravestones themselves were moss-grown and ancient-looking; yet here and there the wounded look of the earth appealed to the eye, and betrayed a new-made grave. The old sarcophagi and heavy tablets of the historic Beaufort families stood side by side with plain wooden crosses. The armorial bearings and long epitaphs of the one and the brief lettering of the other suggested the changes that had come with the war to these families, yet somehow the wooden cross touched one's heart with closer sympathy. The padlocked gates to the small inclosures stood open, while [gentle] [young] girls passed in and out with their Easter flowers of remembrance. On the high churchyard wall and great gate-posts perched many a mocking-bird, and the golden light [began to change] [changed] the twilight under the live-oaks to a misty warmth of color. The birds began to sing louder; the gray moss that hung from the heavy boughs swayed less and less, and gave the place a look of pensive silence.

In the church itself, most of the palms and rose branches were already in place for the next day's feast, and the old organ followed a fresh young voice that was [being trained] [training itself] for the Easter anthem. The five doors of the church were standing open. On the steps of that eastern door which opened midway up the side aisle, where the morning sun had shone in upon the white faces of a hospital in war-time, -- in this eastern doorway sat two young women.

"I was just thinking," one was saying to the other, "that [for the first time Mistress Sydenham] [this is the first year she] has forgotten to keep [this] [the] day. You know that when she has forgotten everything and everybody else, she has known when Easter came[,] and has brought flowers to her graves."

"Has she been more feeble lately, do you think?" asked the younger of the two. "Mamma saw her the other day, and thought [that] she seemed more like herself; but she looked very old, too. She [told] [asked] mamma to bring her dolls, and she would give her some bits of silk to make them gowns. Poor mamma! and she had just been wondering how she could manage to get us ready for summer, this year, -- Célestine and me," and the speaker smiled wistfully.

"It is a mercy that the dear old lady did forget all that happened;" and the friends brushed some last bits of leaves from their skirts, and rose and walked away together through the churchyard.

The ancient church waited through another Easter Even, with its flowers and [its] long memory of prayer and praise. The great earthquake had touched it lightly, time had colored it softly, and the earthly bodies of its children were gathered near its walls in peaceful sleep.

From one of the high houses which [stood] [stand] fronting the sea, with their airy balconies and colonnades, had come a small, slender figure [that afternoon], like some shy, dark thing of twilight out into the bright sunshine. The street was empty, for the most part; before one or two of the cheap German shops a group of men watched the little old lady step proudly by. She was a very stately [gentlewoman] [little old lady], for one so small and thin; she was feeble, too, and bending [somewhat] [a little] with the weight of years, but there was true elegance and dignity in the way she moved, and those who saw her [-

-] [,] persons who shuffled when they walked, and [who] boasted loudly of the fallen pride of the South [--] [,] were struck with sudden deference and admiration. Behind [the] [this] lady walked a gray-headed negro, a man who was troubled in spirit, who sometimes gained a step or two, and offered an anxious but quite unheeded remonstrance. He was a poor, tottering old fellow; he wore a threadbare evening coat that might have belonged to his late master thirty years before.

The pair went slowly along the bay street to the end of [a] [the] row of new shops, and the lady turned decidedly toward the water, and approached the ferry-steps. Her servitor groaned aloud, but waited in respectful helplessness. There was a group of negro children on the steps, [employed] in the dangerous business of crab-fishing; at the foot, in his flat-bottomed boat, sat a wondering negro lad, who looked up in apprehension at his passengers. The lady seemed like a ghost. Old Peter, -- with whose scorn of modern beings and their ways he was partially familiar, [--] old Peter was making frantic signs to him to put out from shore. But the lady's calm desire for obedience prevailed, and presently, out of the knot of idlers that [had] gathered quickly, one, more chivalrous than the rest, helped the strange adventurers down into the boat. It was the fashion to laugh and joke, in Beaufort, when anything unusual was happening before the eyes of the younger part of the colored population; but as the ferryman pushed off from shore, even the crab-fishers kept awe-struck silence, and there were speechless, open mouths and much questioning of eyes that showed their whites in vain. Somehow or other, before the boat was out of hail, long before it had passed the first bank of raccoon oysters, the tide being at the ebb, it was known by fifty people that for the first time in more than twenty years the mistress of the old Sydenham plantation on St. Helena's Island had taken it into her poor daft head to go [to] look after her estates, her crops, and her people. Everybody knew that her estates had been confiscated during the war; that her people owned it themselves now, in three and five and even twenty acre lots; that her crops of rice and Sea Island cotton were theirs, planted and hoed and harvested on their own account. All these years she had forgotten Sydenham, and the live-oak avenue, and the outlook across the water to the Hunting Islands, where the deer ran wild; she had forgotten the war; she had forgotten her children and her husband, except that they had gone away, -- the graves to which she carried Easter flowers were her mother's and her father's graves, -- and her life was [spent in] a strange dream.

Old Peter sat facing her in the boat; the ferryman pulled lustily at his oars, and they [moved] [slid] quickly along [in] the ebbing tide. The ferryman longed to get his freight safely across; he was in a fret of discomfort whenever he looked at the clear-cut, eager face before him in the stern. How still and straight the old mistress sat! Where was she going? He was awed by her presence, and took refuge, as he rowed, in needless talk about the coming of the sand-flies [sandflies] and the great drum-fish [to] [in] Beaufort waters. But Peter had clasped his hands together and bowed his old back, as if he did not dare to look anywhere but [at] [into] the bottom of the boat. Peter was still groaning softly; the old lady was looking back over the water to the row of fine houses, the once luxurious summer homes of Rhetts and Barnwells, of many a famous household now scattered and impoverished. The ferryman had heard of more than one bereft lady or gentleman who lived in seclusion in the old houses. He knew that Peter still served a mysterious mistress with exact devotion, while most of the elderly colored men and women who had formed the retinues of the old families were following their own affairs, far and wide.

"Oh, Lord, ole mis'[!] [,] what kin I go to do?" mumbled Peter, with his head in his hands. "Thar'll be nothin' to see. Po' ole mis', I do' kno' what you say. Trouble, trouble!"

But the mistress of Sydenham plantation had a way of speaking but seldom, [and of] [or] rarely listening to what [any one] [anybody] was pleased to say in return. Out of the mistiness of her clouded brain a thought had come with unwonted clearness. She must go to the island: her husband and sons were detained at a distance; it was the time of year to look after corn and cotton; she must attend to her house and her slaves. The remembrance of that news of battle and of the three deaths that had left her widowed and childless had faded away in the illness it had brought. She [had] never comprehended her loss; she was like one bewitched into indifference; she remembered something of her youth, and kept a simple routine of daily life, and that was all.

"I t'ought she done fo'git ebryt'ing," groaned Peter again. "O Lord, hab mercy on ole mis'!"

The landing-place on Ladies' Island was steep and sandy, and the oarsman watched Peter help the strange passenger up the ascent with a sense of blessed relief. He pushed off a little way into the stream, for better self-defense.

At the top of the bluff was a rough shed, built for shelter, and Peter looked about him eagerly, while his mistress stood, expectant and imperious, in the shade of a pride of India tree, that grew among the live-oaks and pines of a wild thicket. He was wretched with a sense of her discomfort, though she gave no sign of it. He had learned to know by instinct all that was unspoken. In the old times she would have found four oarsmen waiting with a cushioned boat at the ferry; she would have found a saddle-horse or a carriage ready for her on Ladies' Island for the five miles' journey, but the carriage had not come. The poor gray-headed old man recognized her displeasure. He was [her] [the] only slave left, if she did but know it.

"Fo' Gord's sake, git me some kin' of a cart. Ole mis', she done wake up and mean to go out to Syd'n'am dis day," urged Peter. "Who dis hoss an' kyart in de shed? Who make dese track wid huffs jus' now, like dey done ride by? Yo' go git somebody fo' me, or she be right mad, shore."

The elderly guardian of the shed, who was also of the old *régime*, hobbled away quickly, and backed out a steer that was broken to harness, and a rickety two-wheeled cart. Their owner had left them there for some hours, and had crossed the ferry to Beaufort. Old mistress must be obeyed, and they looked toward her beseechingly where she was waiting, deprecating her disapproval of this poor apology for a conveyance. The lady long since had ceased to concern herself with the outward shapes of things; she accepted this possibility of carrying out her plans, and they lifted her light figure to the chair, in the cart's end, while Peter mounted before her with all a coachman's dignity, -- he once had his ambitions of being her coachman, -- and they moved slowly away through the deep sand.

"My Gord A'mighty, look out fo' us now," said Peter over and over. "Ole mis', she done fo'git, good Lord, she done fo'git how de Good Marsa up dere done took f'om her [ebryt'ing] [ebryting]; she 'spect now she find Syd'n'am all de same like 's it was 'fo' de war. She ain't know 'bout what's been sence day of de gun-shoot on Port Royal and dar-away. O Lord A'mighty, yo' know how yo' stove her po' head wid dem gun-shoot; be easy to ole mis'."

But as Peter pleaded in the love and sorrow of his heart, the lady who sat behind him was unconscious of any cause for grief. Some sweet vagaries in her own mind were matched to the loveliness of the day. All her childhood, spent among the rustic scenes of these fertile Sea Islands, was yielding for her now an undefined pleasantness of association. The straight-stemmed palmettos stood out with picturesque clearness against the great level fields, with their straight furrows running out of sight. Figures of men and women followed the furrow paths slowly; here were men and horses bending to the ploughshare, and there women and children sowed with steady hand the rich seed of their crops. There were touches of color in the head kerchiefs; there were sounds of songs as the people worked, -- not gay songs of the evening, but some repeated line of a hymn, to steady the patient feet and make the work go faster, -- the unconscious music of the blacks, who sing as the beetle drones or the cricket chirps slowly under the dry grass. It had a look of permanence, this cotton-planting. It was a thing to paint, to relate itself to the permanence of art, an everlasting duty of mankind; terrible if a thing of force and compulsion and for another's gain, but the birthright of the children of Adam, and not unrewarded nor unnatural when one drew by it one's own life from the earth.

Peter glanced through the hedge-rows furtively, this way and that. What would his mistress say to the cabins that were scattered all about the fields now, and that were no longer put together in the long lines of the quarters? He looked down a [deserted lane] [side road], where he well remembered fifty cabins on each side [of the way]. It was gay there of a summer evening; the old times had not been without their pleasures, and the poor old man's heart leaped with the vague delight of his memories. He had never been on the block; he was born and bred at old Sydenham; he had been trusted in house and field.

"I done like dem ole times de best," ventures Peter, presently, to his unresponding companion. "Dere was good 'bout dem times. I say I like de ole times good as any. Young folks may be a change f'om me."

He was growing [gray in the face] [gray-faced] with apprehension; he did not dare to disobey. The slow-footed beast of burden was carrying them toward Sydenham step by step, and he dreaded the moment of arrival. He was like a mesmerized creature, who can only obey the force of a directing will; but under pretense of handling the steer's harness, he got stiffly to the ground to look at his mistress. He could not turn to face her, as he sat in the cart; he could not [drive] [ride] any longer and feel her there behind him. The silence was too great. It was a relief to see her placid face, and to see even a more youthful look in [its] [the] worn lines. She had been a very beautiful woman in her young days. And a solemn awe fell upon Peter's tender

heart, lest the veil might be lifting from her hidden past, and there, alone with him on the old plantation, she would die of grief and pain. God only knew what might happen! The old man mounted to his seat, and again they plodded on.

"Peter," said the mistress, -- he was always frightened when she spoke, -- "Peter, we must hurry. I was late in starting. I have a great deal to do. [Urge] [Hurry] the horses."

"Yas, mis', -- yas, mis'," and Peter laughed aloud nervously, and brandished his sassafras switch, while the steer hastened a little. They had come almost to the gates.

"Who are these?" the stately wayfarer asked once, as they met some persons who gazed at them in astonishment.

"I 'spect dem de good ladies f'om de Norf, what come down to show de cullud folks how to do readin'," answered Peter bravely. "It do look kind o' comfo'ble over here," he added wistfully, half to himself. He could not understand even now how oblivious she was of the great changes on St. Helena's.

There were curious eyes watching from the fields, and here by the roadside an aged black woman came to her cabin door.

"Lord!" exclaimed Peter, "what kin I do now? An' ole Sibyl, she's done crazy too, and dey'll be mischievous together."

The steer could not be hurried past, and Sibyl came and leaned against the wheel. "Mornin', mistis," said Sibyl, "an' yo' too, Peter. How's all? Day ob judgment's comin' in mornin'! Some nice buttermilk? I done git rich; t'at's my cow," and she pointed to the field and chuckled. Peter felt as if his brain were turning. "Bless de Lord, I no more slave," said old Sibyl, looking up with impudent scrutiny at her old mistress's impassive face. "Yo' know Mars' Middleton, what yo' buy me f'om? He my foster-brother; we push away from same breast. He got trouble, po' gen'elman; he sorry to sell Sibyl; he give me silver dollar dat day, an' feel bad. Neber min', I say. I get good mistis, young mistis at Sydenham. I like her well, I did so. I pick my two hunderd poun' all days, an' I ain't whipped. Too bad sold me, po' Mars' Middleton, but he in trouble. He done come see me last plantin'," Sibyl went on proudly. "Oh, Gord, he grown ole and poor-lookin'. He come in, just in dat do', an' he say, ['']Sibyl, I long an' long to see you, an' now I see you;['] an' he kiss an' kiss me. An' dere's one wide ribber o' Jordan, an' we'll soon be dere, black [an'] [*an'*] white. I was right glad I see ole Mars' Middleton 'fore I die."

The old creature poured forth the one story of her great joy and pride; she had told it a thousand times. It had happened, not the last planting, but many plantings ago. It remained clear when everything else was confused. There was no knowing what she might say next. She began to take the strange steps of a slow dance, and Peter urged his steer forward, while his mistress said suddenly, "Good-by, Sibyl. I am glad you [are doing] [have done] so well," with a strange irrelevancy of graciousness. It was in the old days before the war that Sibyl had fallen insensible, one day, in the cotton-field. Did her mistress think that it was still that year, and -- Peter's mind could not puzzle out this awful day of anxiety.

They turned at last into the live-oak avenue, -- they had only another half mile to go; and here, in the place where the lady had closest association, her memory was suddenly revived almost to clearness. She began to hurry Peter impatiently; it was a mischance that she had not been met at the ferry. She was going to see to putting the house in order, and the women were all waiting. It was autumn, and they were going to move over from Beaufort; it was spring next moment, and she had to talk with her overseers. The old imperiousness flashed out. Did not Peter know that his master was kept at the front, and the young gentlemen were with him, and their regiment was going into action? It was a blessing to come over and forget it all, but Peter must drive, drive. They had taken no care of the avenue; how the trees were broken in the storm! The house needed -- They were going to move the next day but one, and nothing was ready. A party of gentlemen were coming from Charleston in the morning! [--]

They passed the turn of the avenue; they came out to the [open] lawn, and the steer stopped and began to browse. Peter shook from head to foot. He climbed down by the wheel, and turned his face slowly. "Ole mis'!" he said feebly. *"Ole mis'!"*

[She was looking off into space. The cart jerked as it moved after the feeding steer. The mistress of Sydenham plantation had sought her home in vain. The crumbled fallen chimneys of the house were there among the weeds, and that was all.]

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On Christmas Day and Easter Day, many an old man and woman come into St. Helena's Church who are not seen there the rest of the year. There are not a few recluses in the parish, who come to listen to their teacher and to the familiar prayers, read [with touching earnestness and simplicity,] as one seldom hears the prayers read anywhere. This Easter morning dawned clear and bright, as Easter [morning] should. The fresh-bloomed roses and lilies were put in their places. There was no touch of paid hands anywhere, and the fragrance blew softly about the church. As you sat in your pew, you could look out through the wide-opened doors, and see the [drooping] [bending] branches, and the birds as they sat singing on the gravestones.

The sad faces of the old people, the cheerful faces of the young, passed by up the aisle. One figure came to sit alone in one of the pews, to bend its head in prayer after the ancient habit. Peter led her, as usual, to the broad-aisle doorway, and helped her, stumbling himself, up the steps, and many eyes filled with tears as his mistress went to her place. Even the tragic moment of yesterday was lost already in the acquiescence of her mind, as the calm sea shines back to the morning sun when another wreck has gone down.

The Mistress of Sydenham Plantation: Photographs

Taken in and near Beaufort, SC in 2014.

South side of St. Helena's,
looking through the high gate posts
toward the southern door, half way up the side aisle.

In the opening scene of the story, Jewett presents two young women conversing here, but she describes this as the east side of the church.

"On the steps of that eastern door which opened midway up the side aisle, where the morning sun had shone in upon the white faces of a hospital in war-time, -- in this eastern doorway sat two young women."

Southern door of St. Helena's

Southwest churchyard of St. Helena's
with gated wrought-iron enclosure,
live oaks, and sarcophagi.

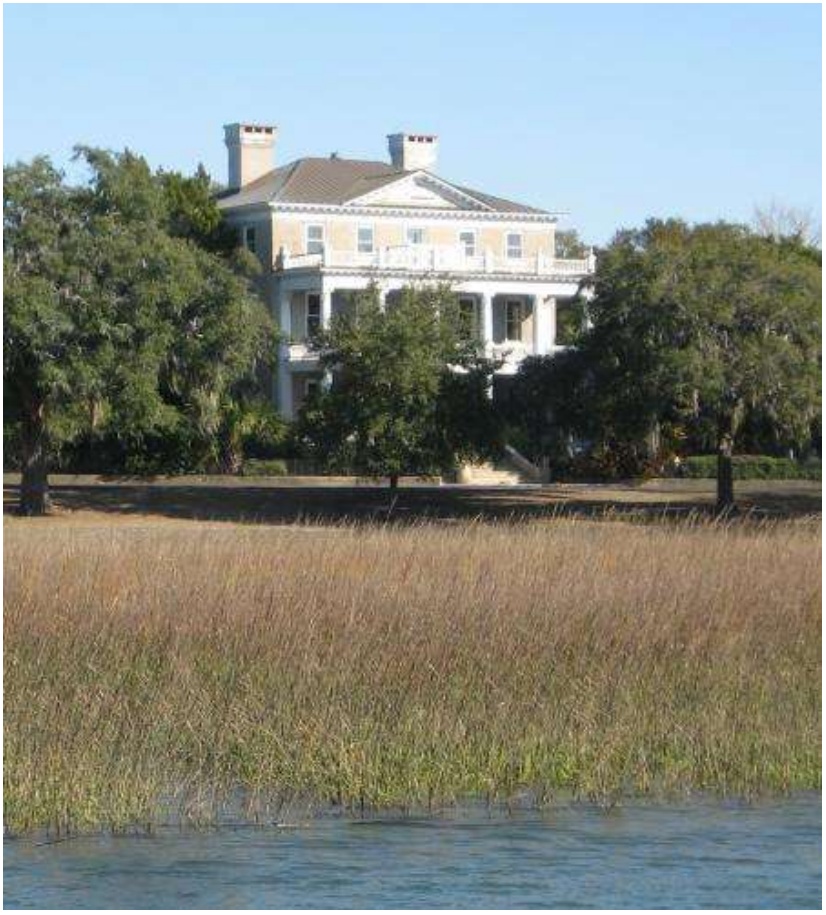
East side of St. Helena's
with mausoleum.

St. Helena church yard, North side, with confederate flag.

Rhett family stones.

The stone on the right reads:
In memory
of Haskell S. Rhett
Born Nov. 10th 1818
Died June 29th 1868
Charity suffereth long and
is kind.
United States flags in background.

A section of Beaufort's Bay Street from the waterfront,
the steeple of St. Helena's Church to the right of center.



One of the antebellum houses on Bay Street in Beaufort,
facing southward toward Ladys Island.

An example of a high house with airy balconies and colonnades is this house, near St. Helena's Church, known as the "Secession House."

The sign reads: "Edmund Rhett, along with his brother Robert Barnwell Rhett (1800-1876), lawyer, state representative, state attorney general, U.S. congressman and senator, was an outspoken champion of states rights and Southern nationalism from the 1830s to the Civil War. This house, long known as 'Secession House,' was the scene of many informal discussions and formal meetings during the 1850s by the Rhetts and their allies advocating Secession and southern independence."

Contemporary bridge span from Beaufort to Lady's Island

The "Brick" Church is the only building remaining at the
Penn Center today that was standing when Jewett visited in 1888.

Live oak avenue near Penn School, St. Helena's Island.

A War Debt

I.

There was a tinge of autumn color on even the English elms as Tom Burton walked slowly up Beacon Street. He was wondering all the way what he had better do with himself; it was far too early to settle down in Boston for the winter, but his grandmother kept to her old date for moving up to town, and here they were. As yet nobody thought of braving the country weather long after October came in, and most country houses were poorly equipped with fireplaces, or even furnaces: this was some years ago, and not the very last autumn that ever was.

There was likely to be a long stretch of good weather, a month at least, if one took the trouble to go a little way to the southward. Tom Burton quickened his steps a little, and began to think definitely of his guns, while a sudden resolve took shape in his mind. Just then he reached the door-steps of his grandmother's fine old-fashioned house, being himself the fourth Thomas Burton that the shining brass door-plate had represented. His old grandmother was the only near relative he had in the world; she was growing older and more dependent upon him every day. That summer he had returned from a long wandering absence of three years, and the vigorous elderly woman whom he had left, busy and self-reliant, had sadly changed in the mean time; age had begun to strike telling blows at her strength and spirits. Tom had no idea of leaving her again for the long journeys which had become the delightful habit of his life; but there was no reason why he should not take a fortnight's holiday now and then, particularly now.

"Has Mrs. Burton come down yet, Dennis? Is there any one with her?" asked Tom, as he entered.

"There is not, sir. Mrs. Burton is in the drawing-room," answered Dennis precisely. "The tea is just going up; I think she was waiting for you." And Tom ran upstairs like a schoolboy, and then walked discreetly into the drawing-room. His grandmother gave no sign of having expected him, but she always liked company at that hour of the day: there had come to be too many ghosts in the empty chairs.

"Can I have two cups?" demanded the grandson, cheerfully. "I don't know when I have had such a walk!" and they began a gay gossiping hour together, and parted for a short season afterward, only to meet again at dinner, with a warm sense of pleasure in each other's company. The young man always insisted that his grandmother was the most charming woman in the world, and it can be imagined what the grandmother thought of Tom. She was only severe with him because he had given no signs of wishing to marry, but she was tolerant of all delay, so long as she could now and then keep the subject fresh in his mind. It was not a moment to speak again of the great question that afternoon, and she had sat and listened to his talk of people and things, a little plaintive and pale, but very handsome, behind the tea-table.

II.

At dinner, after Dennis had given Tom his cup of coffee and cigars, and disappeared with an accustomed air of thoughtfully leaving the family alone for a private interview, Mrs. Burton, who sometimes lingered if she felt like talking, and sometimes went away to the drawing-room to take a brief nap before she began her evening book, and before Tom joined her for a few minutes to say good-night if he were going out, -- Mrs. Burton left her chair more hurriedly than usual. Tom meant to be at home that evening, and was all ready to speak of his plan for some Southern shooting, and he felt a sudden sense of disappointment.

"Don't go away," he said, looking up as she passed. "Is this a bad cigar?"

"No, no, my dear," said the old lady, hurrying across the room in an excited, unusual sort of way. "I wish to show you something while we are by ourselves." And she stooped to unlock a little cupboard in the great sideboard, and fumbled in the depths there, upsetting and clanking among some pieces of silver. Tom joined her with a pair of candles, but it was some moments before she could find what she wanted. Mrs. Burton appeared to be in a hurry, which almost never happened, and in trying to help her Tom dropped much wax unheeded at her side.

"Here it is at last," she said, and went back to her seat at the table. "I ought to tell you the stories of some old silver that I keep in that

cupboard; if I were to die, nobody would know anything about them."

"Do you mean the old French spoons, and the prince's porringer,* and those things?" asked Tom, showing the most lively interest. But his grandmother was busy unfastening the strings of a little bag, and shook her head absently in answer to his question. She took out and handed to him a quaint old silver cup with two handles, that he could not remember ever to have seen.

"What a charming old bit!" said he, turning it about. "Where in the world did it come from? English, of course; and it looks like a loving-cup.* A copy of some old Oxford* thing, perhaps; only they didn't copy much then. I should think it had been made for a child." Tom turned it round and round and drew the candles toward him. "Here's an inscription, too, but very much worn."

"Put it down a minute," said Mrs. Burton impatiently. "Every time I have thought of it I have been more and more ashamed to have it in the house. People weren't so shocked by such things at first; they would only be sentimental about the ruined homes, and say that, 'after all, it was the fortune of war.' That cup was stolen."

"But who stole it?" inquired Tom, with deep interest.

"Your father brought it here," said Mrs. Burton, with great spirit, and even a tone of reproach. "My son, Tom Burton, your father, brought it home from the war. I think his plan was to keep it safe to send back to the owners. But he left it with your mother when he was ordered suddenly to the front; he was only at home four days, and the day after he got back to camp was the day he was killed, poor boy" --

"I remember something about it now," Tom hastened to say. "I remember my mother's talking about the breaking up of Southern homes, and all that; she never believed it until she saw the cup, and I thought it was awfully silly. I was at the age when I could have blown our own house to pieces just for the sake of the racket."

"And that terrible year your grandfather's and your mother's death followed, and I was left alone with you -- two of us out of the five that had made my home" --

"I should say one and a half," insisted Tom, with some effort. "What a boy I was for a grandson! Thank Heaven, there comes a time when we are all the same age! We are jolly together now, aren't we? Come, dear old lady, don't let's think too much of what's gone by;" and he went round the table and gave her a kiss, and stood there where she need not look him in the face, holding her dear thin hand as long as ever she liked.

"I want you to take that silver cup back, Tom," she said presently, in her usual tone. "Go back and finish your coffee." She had seldom broken down like this. Mrs. Burton had been self-possessed, even to apparent coldness, in earlier life.

"How in the world am I going to take it back?" asked Tom, most businesslike and calm. "Do you really know just where it came from? And then it was several years ago."

"Your grandfather knew; they were Virginia people, of course, and happened to be old friends; one of the younger men was his own classmate. He knew the crest and motto at once, but there were two or three branches of the family, none of them, so far as he knew, living anywhere near where your father was in camp. Poor Tom said that there was a beautiful old house sacked and burnt, and everything scattered that was saved. He happened to hear a soldier from another regiment talking about it, and saw him tossing this cup about, and bought it from him with all the money he happened to have in his pockets."

"Then he didn't really steal it himself!" exclaimed Tom, laughing a little, and with a sense of relief.

"No, no, Tom!" said Mrs. Burton impatiently. "Only you see that it really is a stolen thing, and I have had it all this time under my roof. For a long time it was packed away with your father's war relics, those things that I couldn't bear to see. And then I would think of it only at night after I had once seen it, and forget to ask any one else while you were away, or wait for you to come. Oh, I have no excuse. I have been very careless, but here it has been all the time. I wish you would find out about the people; there must be some one belonging to them -- some friend, perhaps, to whom we could give it. This is one of the things that I wish to have done, and to forget. Just take it back, or write some letters first: you will know what to do. I should like to have the people understand."

"I'll see about it at once," said Tom, with great zest. "I believe you couldn't have spoken at a better time. I have been thinking of going down to Virginia this very week. I hear that they are in a hurry with fitting out that new scientific expedition in Washington that I declined to join,

and they want me to come on and talk over things before they are off. One of the men is a Virginian, an awfully good fellow; and then there's Clendennin, my old chum, who's in Washington, too, just now; they'll give me my directions; they know all Virginia between them. I'll take the cup along, and run down from Washington for a few days, and perhaps get some shooting."

Tom's face was shining with interest and satisfaction; he took the cup and again held it under the candle-light. "How pretty this old chasing* is round the edge, and the set of the little handles! Oh, here's the motto! What a dear old thing, and enormously old! See here, under the crest," and he held it toward Mrs. Burton:

"*Je vous en prie*

Bel-ami."*

Mrs. Burton glanced at it with indifference. "Yes, it is charming, as you say. But I only wish to return it to its owners, Tom."

"*Je vous en prie*
Bel-ami."

Tom repeated the words under his breath, and looked at the crest carefully.

"I remember that your grandfather said it belonged to the Bellamys," said his grandmother. "Of course: how could I forget that? I have never looked at it properly since the day I first saw it. It is a charming motto -- they were very charming and distinguished people. I suppose this is a pretty way of saying that they could not live without their friends. I beg of you, Bel-ami; -- it is a quaint fancy; one might turn it in two or three pretty ways."*

"Or they may have meant that they only looked to themselves for what they wanted, *Je vous en prie Bellamy!*" said Tom gallantly. "All right; I think that I shall start to-morrow or next day. If you have no special plans," he added.

"Do go, my dear; you may get some shooting, as you say," said Mrs. Burton, a little wistfully, but kindly personifying Tom's inclination.

"You've started me off on a fine romantic adventure," said the young man, smiling. "Come; my cigar's gone out, and it never was good for much; let's go in and try the cards, and talk about things; perhaps you'll think of something more about the Bellamys. You said that my grandfather had a classmate" --

Mrs. Burton stopped to put the cup into its chamois bag again, and handed it solemnly to Tom, then she took his arm, and dismissing all unpleasant thoughts, they sat down to the peaceful game of cribbage to while away the time. The grandson lent himself gayly to pleasure-making, and they were just changing the cards for their books, when one of the elder friends of the house appeared, one of the two or three left who called Mrs. Burton Margaret, and was greeted affectionately as Henry in return. This guest always made the dear lady feel young; he himself was always to the front of things, and had much to say. It was quite forgotten that a last charge had been given to Tom, or that the past had been wept over. Presently, the late evening hours being always her best, she forgot in eager talk that she had any grandson at all, and Tom slipped away with his book to his own sitting-room and his pipe. He took the little cup out of its bag again, and set it before him, and began to lay plans for a Southern journey.

III.

The Virginia country was full of golden autumn sunshine and blue haze. The long hours spent on a slow-moving train were full of shocks and surprises to a young traveler who knew almost every civilized country better than his own. The lonely look of the fields, the trees shattered by war, which had not yet had time enough to muffle their broken tops with green; the negroes, who crowded on board the train, lawless, and unequal to holding their liberty with steady hands, looked poor and less respectable than in the old plantation days -- it was as if the long discipline of their former state had counted for nothing. Tom Burton felt himself for the first time to have something of a statesman's thoughts and schemes as he moralized along the way. Presently he noticed with deep sympathy a lady who came down the crowded car, and took the seat just in front of him. She carried a magazine under her arm -- a copy of "Blackwood,"* which was presently proved to bear the date of 1851, and to be open at an article on the death of Wordsworth.* She was the first lady he had seen that day -- there was little money left for journeying and pleasure among the white Virginians; but two or three stations beyond this a group of young English men and women stood with the gay negroes on the platform, and came into the train with cheerful greetings to their friends. It seemed as if England had begun to settle Virginia all over again, and their clear, lively voices had no foreign sound. There were going to be races at some court-house town in the neighborhood. Burton was a great lover of horses himself, and the new scenes grew more and more

interesting. In one of the gay groups was a different figure from any of the fresh-cheeked young wives of the English planters -- a slender girl, pale and spirited, with a look of care beyond her years. She was the queen of her little company. It was to her that every one looked for approval and sympathy as the laugh went to and fro. There was something so high-bred and elegant in her bearing, something so exquisitely sure and stately, that her companions were made clumsy and rustic in their looks by contrast. The eager talk of the coming races, of the untried thoroughbreds, the winners and losers of the year before, made more distinct this young Virginia lady's own look of high-breeding, and emphasized her advantage of race. She was the newer and finer Norman among Saxons.* She alone seemed to have that inheritance of swiftness of mind, of sureness of training. It was the highest type of English civilization refined still further by long growth in favoring soil. Tom Burton read her unconscious face as if it were a romance; he believed that one of the great Virginia houses must still exist, and that she was its young mistress. The house's fortune was no doubt gone; the long-worn and carefully mended black silk gown that followed the lines of her lovely figure told plainly enough that worldly prosperity was a thing of the past. But what nature could give of its best, and only age and death could take away, were hers. He watched her more and more; at one moment she glanced up suddenly and held his eyes with hers for one revealing moment. There was no surprise in the look, but a confession of pathos, a recognition of sympathy, which made even a stranger feel that he had the inmost secret of her heart.

IV.

The next day our hero, having hired a capital saddle-horse, a little the worse for age, was finding his way eastward along the sandy roads. The country was full of color; the sassafras and gum trees and oaks were all ablaze with red and yellow. Now and then he caught a glimpse of a sail on one of the wide reaches of the river which lay to the northward; now and then he passed a broken gateway or the ruins of a cabin. He carried a light gun before him across the saddle, and a game-bag hung slack and empty at his shoulder except for a single plump partridge in one corner, which had whirred up at the right moment out of a vine-covered thicket. Something small and heavy in his coat pocket seemed to correspond to the bird, and once or twice he unconsciously lifted it in the hollow of his hand. The day itself, and a sense of being on the road to fulfill his mission, a sense of unending leisure and satisfaction under that lovely hazy sky, seemed to leave no place for impatience or thought of other things. He rode slowly along, with his eye on the roadside coverts, letting the horse take his own gait, except when a ragged negro boy, on an unwilling, heavy-footed mule, slyly approached and struck the dallying steed from behind. It was past the middle of the October afternoon.

"'Mos' thar now, Cun'l," said the boy at last, eagerly. "See them busted trees pas' thar, an' chimblies? You tu'n down nax' turn; ride smart piece yet, an' you come right front of ol' Mars Bell'my's house. See, he comin' 'long de road now. Yas, 'tis Mars Bell'my shore, an' 's gun."

Tom had been looking across the neglected fields with compassion, and wondering if such a plantation could ever be brought back to its days of prosperity. As the boy spoke he saw the tall chimneys in the distance, and then, a little way before him in the shadow of some trees, a stately figure that slowly approached. He hurriedly dismounted, leading his horse until he met the tall old man, who answered his salutation with much dignity. There was something royal and remote from ordinary men in his silence after the first words of courteous speech.

"Yas, sir; that's Mars Bell'my, sir," whispered the boy on the mule, reassuringly, and the moment of hesitation was happily ended.

"I was on my way to call upon you, Colonel Bellamy; my name is Burton," said the younger man.

"Will you come with me to the house?" said the old gentleman, putting out his hand cordially a second time; and though he had frowned slightly at first at the unmistakable Northern accent, the light came quickly to his eyes. Tom gave his horse's bridle to the boy, who promptly transferred himself to the better saddle, and began to lead the mule instead.

"I have been charged with an errand of friendship," said Tom. "I believe that you and my grandfather were at Harvard* together." Tom looked boyish and eager and responsive to hospitality at this moment. He was straight and trim, like a Frenchman. Colonel Bellamy was much the taller of the two, even with his bent shoulders and relaxed figure.

"I see the resemblance to your grandfather, sir. I bid you welcome to Fairford,"* said the Colonel. "Your visit is a great kindness."

They walked on together, speaking ceremoniously of the season and of the shooting and Tom's journey, until they left the woods and overgrown avenue at the edge of what had once been a fine lawn, with clusters of huge oaks; but these were shattered by war and more or less ruined. The lopped trunks still showed the marks of fire and shot; some had put out a fresh bough or two, but most of the ancient trees stood for their own monuments, rain-bleached and gaunt. At the other side of the wide lawn, against young woodland and a glimpse of the river, were the four great chimneys which had been seen from the highroad. There was no dwelling in sight at the moment, and Tom stole an apprehensive look at the grave face of his companion. It appeared as if he were being led to the habitation of ghosts, as if he were purposely to be confronted with the desolation left in the track of Northern troops. It was not so long since the great war that these things could be forgotten.

The Colonel, however, without noticing the ruins in any way, turned toward the right as he neared them, and passing a high fragment of brick wall topped by a marble ball or two -- which had been shot at for marks -- and passing, just beyond, some huge clumps of box, they came to a square brick building with a rude wooden addition at one side, and saw some tumble-down sheds a short distance beyond this, with a negro cabin.

They came to the open door. "This was formerly the billiard-room. Your grandfather would have kept many memories of it," said the host simply. "Will you go in, Mr. Burton?" And Tom climbed two or three perilous wooden steps and entered, to find himself in a most homelike and charming place. There was a huge fireplace opposite the door, with a thin whiff of blue smoke going up, a few old books on the high chimney-piece, a pair of fine portraits with damaged frames, some old tables and chairs of different patterns, with a couch by the square window covered with a piece of fine tapestry folded together and still showing its beauty, however raveled and worn. By the opposite window, curtained only by vines, sat a lady with her head muffled in lace, who greeted the guest pleasantly, and begged pardon for not rising from her chair. Her face wore an unmistakable look of pain and sorrow. As Tom Burton stood at her side, he could find nothing to say in answer to her apologies. He was not wont to be abashed, and a real court could not affect him like this ideal one. The poor surroundings could only be seen through the glamour of their owner's presence -- it seemed a most elegant interior.

"I am sorry to have the inconvenience of deafness," said Madam Bellamy, looking up with an anxious little smile. "Will you tell me again the name of our guest?"

"He is my old classmate Burton's grandson, of Boston," said the Colonel, who now stood close at her side; he looked apprehensive as he spoke, and the same shadow flitted over his face as when Tom had announced himself by the oak at the roadside.

"I remember Mr. Burton, your grandfather, very well," said Madam Bellamy at last, giving Tom her hand for the second time, as her husband had done. "He was your guest here the autumn before we were married, my dear; a fine rider, I remember, and a charming gentleman. He was much entertained by one of our hunts. I saw that you also carried a gun. My dear," and she turned to her husband anxiously, "did you bring home any birds?"

Colonel Bellamy's face lengthened. "I had scarcely time, or perhaps I had not my usual good fortune," said he. "The birds have followed the grain-fields away from Virginia, we sometimes think."

"I can offer you a partridge," said Tom eagerly. "I shot one as I rode along. I am afraid that I stopped Colonel Bellamy just as he was going out."

"I thank you very much," said Madam Bellamy. "And you will take supper with us, certainly. You will give us the pleasure of a visit? I regret very much my granddaughter's absence, but it permits me to offer you her room, which happens to be vacant." But Tom attempted to make excuse. "No, no," said Madam Bellamy, answering her own thoughts rather than his words. "You must certainly stay the night with us; we shall make you most welcome. It will give my husband great pleasure; he will have many questions to ask you."

Tom went out to search for his attendant, who presently clattered away on the mule at an excellent homeward pace. An old negro man servant led away the horse, and Colonel Bellamy disappeared also, leaving the young guest to entertain himself and his hostess for an hour, that flew by like light. A woman who is charming in youth is still more charming in age to a man of Tom Burton's imagination, and he was touched to find how quickly the first sense of receiving an antagonist had given way before a desire to show their feeling of kindly hospitality toward a guest. The links of ancient friendship still held strong, and as Tom sat with his hostess by the window they had much pleasant talk of

Northern families known to them both, of whom, or of whose children and grandchildren, he could give much news. It seemed as if he should have known Madam Bellamy all his life. It is impossible to say how she illumined her poor habitation, with what dignity and sweetness she avoided, as far as possible, any reference to the war or its effects. One could hardly remember that she was poor, or ill, or had suffered such piteous loss of friends and fortune.

Later, when Tom was walking toward the river through the woods and overgrown fields of the plantation, he came upon the ruins of the old cabins of what must have been a great family of slaves. The crumbling heaps of the chimneys stood in long lines on either side of a weed-grown lane; not far beyond he found the sinking mounds of some breastworks on a knoll which commanded the river channel. The very trees and grass looked harrowed and distressed by war; the silence of the sunset was only broken by the cry of a little owl that was begging mercy of its fears far down the lonely shore.

V.

At supper that night Burton came from his room to find Colonel Bellamy bringing his wife in his arms to the table, while the old bent-backed and gray-headed man servant followed to place her chair. The mistress of Fairford was entirely lame and helpless, but she sat at the head of her table like a queen. There was a bunch of damask-roses at her plate. The Colonel himself was in evening dress, antique in cut, and sadly worn, and Tom heartily thanked his patron saint that the boy had brought his portmanteau in good season. There was a glorious light in the room from the fire, and the table was served with exquisite care, and even more luxurious delay, the excellent fish which the Colonel himself must have caught in his unexplained absence, and Tom's own partridge, which was carved as if it had been the first wild turkey of the season, were followed by a few peaches touched with splendid color as they lay on a handful of leaves in a bent and dented pewter plate. There seemed to be no use for the stray glasses, until old Milton produced a single small bottle of beer, and uncorked and poured it for his master and his master's guest with a grand air. The Colonel lifted his eyebrows slightly, but accepted its appearance at the proper moment.

They sat long at table. It was impossible to let one's thought dwell upon any of the meagre furnishings of the feast. The host and hostess talked of the days when they went often to France and England, and of Tom's grandfather when he was young. At last Madam Bellamy left the table, and Tom stood waiting while she was carried to her own room. He had kissed her hand like a courtier as he said good-night. On the Colonel's return the old butler ostentatiously placed the solitary bottle between them and went away. The Colonel offered some excellent tobacco, and Tom begged leave to fetch his pipe. When he returned he brought with it the chamois-skin bag that held the silver cup, and laid it before him on the table. It was like the dread of going into battle, but the moment had arrived. He laid his hand on the cup for a moment as if to hide it, then he waited until his pipe was fairly going.

"This is something which I have come to restore to you, sir," said Tom presently, taking the piece of silver from its wrappings. "I believe that it is your property."

The old Colonel's face wore a strange, alarmed look; his thin cheeks grew crimson. He reached eagerly for the cup, and held it before his eyes. At last he bent his head and kissed it. Tom Burton saw that his tears began to fall, that he half rose, turning toward the door of the next room, where his wife was; then he sank back again, and looked at his guest appealingly.

"I ask no questions," he faltered; "it was the fortune of war. This cup was my grandfather's, my father's, and mine; all my own children drank from it in turn; they are all gone before me. We always called it our lucky cup. I fear that it has come back too late" -- The old man's voice broke, but he still held the shining piece of silver before him, and turned it about in the candle-light.

"*Je vous en prie Bel-ami*."

he whispered under his breath, and put the cup before him on the scarred mahogany.

VI.

"Shall we move our chairs before the fire, Mr. Burton? My dear wife is but frail," said the old man, after a long silence, and with touching pathos. "She sees me companioned for the evening, and is glad to seek her room early; if you were not here she would insist upon our game of cards. I do not allow myself to dwell upon the past, and I have no wish for gay company;" he added, in a lower voice, "My daily dread in life is to be separated from her."

As the evening wore on, the autumn air grew chilly, and again and again the host replenished his draughty fireplace, and pushed the box of delicious tobacco toward his guest, and Burton in his turn ventured to remember a flask in his

portmanteau, and begged the Colonel to taste it, because it had been filled from an old cask in his grandfather's cellar. The butler's eyes shone with satisfaction when he was unexpectedly called upon to brew a little punch after the old Fairford fashion, and the later talk ranged along the youthful escapades of Thomas Burton the elder to the beauties and the style of Addison;* from the latest improvement in shot-guns to the statesmanship of Thomas Jefferson,* while the Colonel spoke tolerantly, in passing, of some slight misapprehensions of Virginia life made by a delightful young writer, too early lost -- Mr. Thackeray.*

Tom Burton had never enjoyed an evening more; the romance, the pathos of it, as he found himself more and more taking his grandfather's place in the mind of this hereditary friend, waked all his sympathy. The charming talk that never dwelt too long or was hurried too fast, the exquisite faded beauty of Madam Bellamy, the noble dignity and manliness of the old planter and soldier, the perfect absence of reproach for others or whining pity for themselves, made the knowledge of their regret and loss doubly poignant. Their four sons had all laid down their lives in what they believed from their hearts to be their country's service; their daughters had died early, one from sorrow at her husband's death, and one from exposure in a forced flight across country; their ancestral home lay in ruins; their beloved cause had been put to shame and defeat -- yet they could bow their heads to every blast of misfortune, and could make a man welcome at their table whose every instinct and tradition of loyalty made him their enemy. The owls might shriek from the chimneys of Fairford, and the timid wild hares course up and down the weed-grown avenues on an autumn night like this, but a welcome from the Bellamys was a welcome still. It seemed to the young imaginative guest that the old motto of the house was never so full of significance as when he fancied it exchanged between the Colonel and himself, Southerner and Northerner, elder and younger man, conquered and conqueror in an unhappy war. The two old portraits, with their warped frames and bullet-holes, faded and gleamed again in the firelight; the portrait of an elderly man was like the Colonel himself, but the woman, who was younger, and who seemed to meet Tom's eye gayly enough, bore a resemblance which he could only half recall. It was very late when the two men said good-night. They were each conscious of the great delight of having found a friend. The candles had flickered out long before, but the fire still burned, and struck a ray of light from the cup on the table.

VII.

The next morning Burton waked early in his tiny sleeping-room. The fragrance of ripe grapes and the autumn air blew in at the window, and he hastened to dress, especially as he could hear the footstep and imperious voice of Colonel Bellamy, who seemed to begin his new day with zest and courage in the outer room. Milton, the old gray-headed negro, was there too, and was alternately upbraided and spoken with most intimately and with friendly approval. It sounded for a time as if some great excitement and project were on foot; but Milton presently appeared, eager for morning offices, and when Tom went out to join the Colonel he was no longer there. There were no signs of breakfast. The birds were singing in the trees outside, and the sun shone in through the wide-opened door. It was a poor place in the morning light. As he crossed the room he saw an old-fashioned gift-book lying on the couch, as if some one had just laid it there face downward. He carried it with him to the door; a dull collection enough, from forgotten writers of forgotten prose and verse, but the Colonel had left it open at some lines which, with all their faults, could not be read without sympathy. He was always thinking of his wife; he had marked the four verses because they spoke of her.

Tom put the old book down just as Colonel Bellamy passed outside, and hastened to join him. They met with pleasure, and stood together talking. The elder man presently quoted a line or two of poetry about the beauty of the autumn morning, and his companion stood listening with respectful attention, but he observed by contrast the hard, warriorlike lines of the Colonel's face. He could well believe that, until sorrow had softened him, a fiery impatient temper had ruled this Southern heart. There was a sudden chatter and noise of voices, and they both turned to see a group of negroes, small and great, coming across the lawn with bags and baskets, and after a few muttered words the old master set forth hurriedly to meet them, Tom following.

"Be still, all of you!" said the Colonel sternly. "Your mistress is still asleep. Go round to Milton, and he will attend to you. I'll come presently."

They were almost all old people, many of them were already infirm, and it was hard to still their requests and complaints. One of the smaller children clasped Colonel Bellamy about the knees. There was something patriarchal in the scene, and one could not help being sure

that some reason for the present poverty of Fairford was the necessity for protecting these poor souls. The merry, well-fed colored people, who were indulging their late-won liberty of travel on the trains,* had evidently shirked any responsibilities for such stray remnants of humanity. Slavery was its own provider for old age. There had once been no necessity for the slaves themselves to make provision for winter, as even a squirrel must. They were worse than children now, and far more appealing in their helplessness.

The group slowly departed, and Colonel Bellamy led the way in the opposite direction, toward the ruins of the great house. They crossed the old garden, where some ancient espaliers still clung to the broken brick-work of the walls, and a little fruit still clung to the knotted branches, while great hedges of box,* ragged and uncared for, traced the old order of the walks. The heavy dew and warm morning sun brought out that antique fragrance, -- the faint pungent odor which wakes the utmost memories of the past. Tom Burton thought with a sudden thrill that the girl with the sweet eyes yesterday had worn a bit of box in her dress. Here and there, under the straying boughs of the shrubbery, bloomed a late scarlet poppy from some scattered seed of which such old soil might well be full. It was a barren, neglected garden enough, but still full of charm and delight, being a garden. There was a fine fragrance of grapes through the undergrowth, but the whole place was completely ruined; a little snake slid from the broken base of a sun-dial; the tall chimneys of the house were already beginning to crumble, and birds and squirrels lived in their crevices and flitted about their lofty tops. At some distance an old negro was singing, -- it must have been Milton himself, still unbesought by his dependents, -- and the song was full of strange, monotonous wails and plaintive cadences, like a lament for war itself, and all the misery that follows in its train.

Colonel Bellamy had not spoken for some moments, but when they reached the terrace which had been before the house there were two flights of stone steps that led to empty air, and these were still adorned by some graceful railings and balusters, bent and rusty and broken.

"You will observe this iron-work, sir," said the Colonel, stopping to regard with pride almost the only relic of the former beauty and state of Fairford. "My grandfather had the pattern carefully planned in Charleston,* where such work was formerly well done by Frenchmen." He stopped to point out certain charming features of the design with his walking-stick, and then went on without a glance at the decaying chimneys or the weed-grown cellars and heaps of stones beneath.

The lovely October morning was more than half gone when Milton brought the horse round to the door, and the moment came to say farewell. The Colonel had shown sincere eagerness that the visit should be prolonged for at least another day, but a reason for hurry which the young man hardly confessed to himself was urging him back along the way he had come. He was ready to forget his plans for shooting and wandering eastward on the river shore. He had paid a parting visit to Madam Bellamy in her own room, where she lay on a couch in the sunshine, and had seen the silver cup -- a lucky cup he devoutly hoped it might indeed be -- on a light stand by her side. It held a few small flowers, as if it had so been brought in to her in the early morning. Her eyes were dim with weeping. She had not thought of its age and history, neither did the sight of such pathetic loot wake bitter feelings against her foes. It was only the cup that her little children had used, one after another, in their babyhood; the last and dearest had kept it longest, and even he was dead -- fallen in battle, like the rest.

She wore a hood and wrapping of black lace, which brought out the delicacy of her features like some quaint setting. Her hand trembled as she bade her young guest farewell. As he looked back from the doorway she was like some exiled queen in a peasant's lodging, such dignity and sweet patience were in her look. "I think you bring good fortune," she said. "Nothing can make me so happy as to have my husband find a little pleasure."

As the young man crossed the outer room the familiar eyes of the old portrait caught his own with wistful insistency. He suddenly suspected the double reason: he had been dreaming of other eyes, and knew that his fellow-traveler had kept him company. "Madam Bellamy," he said, turning back, and blushing as he bent to speak to her in a lower voice, -- "the portrait; is it like any one? is it like your granddaughter? Could I have seen her on my way here?"

Madam Bellamy looked up at his eager face with a light of unwonted pleasure in her eyes. "Yes," said she, "my granddaughter would have been on her way to Whitfields.* She has always been thought extremely like the picture: it is her great-grandmother. Good-by; pray let us see you at Fairford again;" and they said farewell

once more, while Tom Burton promised something, half to himself, about the Christmas hunt.

"Je vous en prie Belle Amie,"

he whispered, and a most lovely hope was in his heart.

"You have been most welcome," said the Colonel at parting. "I beg that you will be so kind as to repeat this visit. I shall hope that we may have some shooting together."

"I shall hope so too," answered Tom Burton, warmly. Then, acting from sudden impulse, he quickly unslung his gun, and begged his old friend to keep it -- to use it, at any rate, until he came again.

The old Virginian did not reply for a moment. "Your grandfather would have done this, sir. I loved him, and I take it from you both. My own gun is too poor a thing to offer in return." His voice shook; it was the only approach to a lament, to a complaint, that he had made.

Tom Burton rode slowly away, and presently the fireless chimneys of Fairford were lost to sight behind the clustering trees. The noonday light was shining on the distant river; the road was untravelled and untenanted for miles together, except by the Northern rider and his Southern steed.

Notes

"A War Debt" first appeared in *Harper's Monthly* in January 1895 (90:227-237) and was collected in *The Life of Nancy* (1895). This text was edited and annotated by Coe College student Valerie Sowell with assistance from Terry Heller, Coe College

The title refers to the American Civil War (1861-1865) between the Union states of the North and the Confederacy of 11 Southern states. The years which preceded southern secession were marked by friction over slavery, trade and the right to secede. The North triumphed over an under-powered South, reuniting the nation, abolishing slavery, and granting citizenship to the freed slaves.

A fair guess at "time present" in the story may be inferred. Tom Burton's parents and his grandfather died early in the Civil War, when he was a child. Speculating that he was twelve in 1861, that he went to college when he was 16 in 1865, graduating in 1869, and that he has been "knocking about" since then, one of his trips lasting three years, he could be as young as twenty-four. The story seems fairly clearly set during Reconstruction, when the shot-damaged trees at Fairford remain easy to see and when Blacks and whites could mix as train passengers in Virginia. This would place the story in about 1873.

prince's porringer: "A shallow, round bowl with one or two flat, horizontal handles set on opposite sides of the rim." (Source: *Encyclopædia Britannica Online*).

loving-cup: 1: a large ornamental drinking vessel with two or more handles; 2: a loving cup given as a token or trophy. (Source: *Webster's Revised Unabridged Dictionary* 1913, edited by Noah Porter).

Oxford: A town in Oxfordshire, England, famous mostly for the world-renowned University of Oxford which rests inside its limits.

old chasing: To chase metal is to ornament it by indenting with a hammer and tools without a cutting edge. (Source: *Encyclopædia Britannica Online*).

pretty ways: The punning inscription translates literally as “I beg of you” and, more colloquially, as “You are welcome.” Research: Linda Rhoads.

Blackwood: *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* was in print from 1817 to 1980. It had a reputation as the world-wide conveyor of all things British. It exercised a wide and steady literary influence in the form of stories, poems and serial novels. Issues are accessible on-line at: http://www.bodley.ox.ac.uk/ilej/. A search of the *Blackwood's* contents from 1850 through 1852 turns up no articles on the death of Wordsworth.

death of Wordsworth: William Wordsworth, the central figure in English Romanticism, died April 23, 1850 at the age of 80.

Norman among Saxons: The Normans, descended from the Vikings (Norsemen), settled in Northern France. They conquered the Anglo-Saxons, crowning William of Normandy the King of England on Christmas Day, 1066. This conquest is chronicled in Jewett's *The Story of the Normans*.

Harvard: Founded 1636, it is the oldest institution of higher learning in the United States. Harvard is located in Cambridge, MA, few miles west of Boston.

Fairford: Fairford does not appear on any maps of Virginia..

Charleston: Charleston is a city located on the Atlantic coast in South Carolina, a bastion of historic Southern culture and industry. Jewett visited South Carolina in 1888, when she wrote "The Mistress of Sydenham Plantation." Between 1888 and 1895, the state government became increasingly dominated by segregationists.

Addison: Almost certainly Joseph Addison (1672-1719), the English politician and writer perhaps best remembered for his contributions to *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*, important magazines of the eighteenth century.

Thomas Jefferson: Jefferson (1743-1826), of Virginia, was the third president of the United States, a slave-owner and the principal author of the "Declaration of Independence."

Mr. Thackeray: English novelist William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-1863) is best known for his novel, *Vanity Fair* (1847). He also wrote *Henry Esmond* (1852), which at the end features the hero marrying his mistress, Rachel, and the pair leaving England for Virginia. From this came the sequel, *The Virginians* (1857-1859).

That Tom and the Colonel discussed this novel is suggestive in several ways. The first volume tells mainly of the young Virginian, Harry Warrington, when he visits England in the belief that his older twin brother, George, has died in the French and Indian Wars. This story emphasizes how the naive young man is fleeced by various aristocratic scoundrels, including members of his English family. The second volume is mainly about his brother, George, who escapes captivity and travels to England to rescue his brother from debt and help him find his career. Though less naive, George also has trouble with his English relatives.

The novel ends with an account of the American Revolution, in which Harry fights on the American side, while George serves the British. George provides this account from the perspective of late middle age, expressing sympathy for and criticism of both sides. His attitude presages Jewett's narrative attitude toward the revolution in her novel, *The Tory Lover*.

It is difficult to know what aspects of Virginia life shown in the novel would seem incorrect to Colonel Bellamy.

Of interest for this story is the book's portrait of slavery. Slaves on the Warrington farm are characterized as lazy and happy, but of Madam Esmond (Warrington upon her marriage), it is said: "You might have preached negro emancipation to Madam Esmond of Castlewood as you might have told her to let the horses run loose out of her stables; she had no doubt but that the whip and the corn-bag were good for both" (*Works of Thackeray*, Cornhill edition, Scribner's 1911, v. 8, p. 35). Slaves generally appear as comic characters and rarely are shown working. Harry's personal slave, Gumbo, lives more like an English servant than like property, though at least once, it is suggested that he might be sold. In the second volume, Gumbo works for George. He is intensely loyal to his masters and proves resourceful when they have trouble. Throughout the novel, Gumbo is highly popular with female servants, Black and white. Ultimately, her marries a white servant in England.

Also of interest is a quasi-satirical account of Madam Warrington's pride in her supposed royal heritage, as a Norman among the Saxons. She and her father believe they are descendants of a noble Norman warrior and also of Charlemagne and of Queen Boadicea of England (v. 8, p. 37).

late-won liberty of travel on the trains: Though trains were not legally segregated in Virginia until 1900, most other southern states had passed segregation laws for trains and most other public accommodations by 1895. The case of Plessy vs. Ferguson (1898) began its journey to the Supreme Court in June 1892, when Homer A. Plessy refused to leave a car for whites only on the East Louisiana Railroad. Jewett's story is *set* in the brief period of Reconstruction, when African-Americans enjoyed a good deal of personal liberty. But she *wrote* the story in the context of rapidly increasing restrictions on African Americans' liberties and an accompanying increase in violence as whites enforced segregation and Black subordination extralegally and as Blacks resisted what has been called reenslavement.

hedges of box: Box is a widely cultivated shrub (*B. sempervirens*) used for hedges, borders, and topiaries.

Whitfields: This town does not appear on contemporary maps of Virginia.

Jewett's Five Endings for "A War Debt"

Jewett evidently had considerable difficulty completing "A War Debt." At this writing, I am aware of five texts, two in manuscript, one in *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, and two in the first two printings of *The Life of Nancy*. Each has at least a somewhat different ending. The first three appear in full below. In this section, I focus mainly on how Jewett rethought her ending. I begin with a chronological overview of Jewett's work on this story, then follow with descriptions of her endings and reflections on some of the questions these observations provoke.

Chronology of Jewett's Work

1894

Before 22 June. Jewett completes the first and probably the second draft manuscripts held by the Houghton Library.

22 June. Jewett first mentions "A War Debt" in her known correspondence. Jewett to Sarah Wyman Whitman. "… I finished the War Debt (Virginia) story about the silver cup and all that. I told you about it once; it was nearer done than I thought! and so I skipped it off to Harpers with Fames Little Day (about the old Vermonters who saw their names in a New York paper) and they didn't choose one but took both….

23 October. John D. Adams of *Harper's* to Jewett. Jewett has shortened her original manuscript. Adams says he hopes to see a sequel.

1895

January. "A War Debt" appears in *Harper's Monthly Magazine*. The January number would have gone out in late December 1894.

20 January. Lieutenant John Howard Wills, a native-born Virginian, writes to Jewett that he appreciates her story. "I can not but hope that you will shortly allow the agreeable hero to meet the lady who was 'the queen of her little company' and that we may be permitted to be present."

October. Reviews began to appear of Jewett's collection that includes "A War Debt," *The Life of Nancy*.

16 October. Rudyard Kipling writes to Jewett, arguing that it was a mistake to add the final italics paragraph to "A War Debt" in *The Life of Nancy*: "They explain things and I loathe an explanation."

16 November. A reviewer in *Literary World* 26, p. 388, wrote: "Even better, perhaps, is the story of "A War Debt," with its picture of the picturesque, half-ruined Virginia manor house, the shadows of the Civil War still brooding over it; and we are grateful to Miss Jewett for the hinted hope of the last sentence, added since the tale appeared in the 'Century' [intended *Harper's*]."

1896

Second printing of *The Life of Nancy*, with the final italics paragraph removed from "A War Debt."

Manuscript 1

The earlier of the known manuscripts of ”A War Debt" differs considerably from the later texts. It contains a good deal of material that was later omitted, and it lacks text that was later added. There is evidence that this text was revised at least once after the first draft, as there are changes in different media from the original. The portions of the text written in ink contain some changes in pencil; the portions in pencil contain some changes in ink. Examining all of Jewett's changes as she moved between this and her next draft would likely prove interesting, but I will focus on how she ends this draft.

Central to Jewett's revisions of the story's conclusion is her handling of one character, the granddaughter of the Bellamy family, apparently the only survivor, in addition to her grandparents, in a Virginia Confederate family that lost all of their six children during the Civil War. In this first draft, the young woman is not mentioned until near the end and does not appear until the final section of the story.

As in all the other versions, some years after the end of the Civil War, Tom Burton travels to Fairford plantation in eastern Virginia, the now ruined seat of the Bellamy family. He returns a silver loving cup, a family heirloom looted during the war, that fortuitously fell into the hands of the Burtons of Boston, old friends of the Bellamy's. Tom's successful mission begins the renewal of the old friendship.

Burton first learns of the granddaughter's existence as he bids farewell to Mrs. Bellamy. She had hoped the young woman might have been able to return from visiting elsewhere during Tom's brief overnight stay, but that proved impossible. However, Tom meets her in the morning as he rides to the nearest train station on his return home. During their brief conversation, Tom falls in love, and Virginia Bellamy is interested enough in him after they part to look back at him at the same time he looks back at her. The manuscript contains two versions of a final sentence:

> Version 1 -- So this is all the history of a rich young gentleman of the north who many years ago found his love a poor but noble lady in the South and came in the end to be the rebuilder of the great house of Fairford.
>
> Version 2 -- This was the way many years ago a northern man found his love -- poor but noble lady in the South, and Fortune smiled again upon the ruined house of Fairford.

Manuscript 2

The second Houghton manuscript is much closer to the text that eventually appeared in *Harper's*. Jewett cut and added a good deal of material, with the result that this text is somewhat longer than the previous one. There are added notes that suggest to me that this text was read by someone at the magazine. Page numbers were added, and names are penciled at several points in the margins, suggesting that parts of the text had been assigned to someone for some purpose. However, I am not able to make sense of these, for close as it is to the *Harper's* text, this is not a final draft. This is evident in the many differences in punctuation between this draft and the *Harper's* text. At some point, a copy editor made many minor changes.

In this version, the Bellamy granddaughter is kept more at a distance. She first appears before Tom can know who she is, an attractive young woman who is traveling with a group of prosperous young English immigrants on the way to a horse race. Though she clearly is quite poor, she is "the queen of her little company":

> Tom Burton read her unconscious face as if it were a romance, he believed that one of the great Virginia houses must still exist and that she was its young mistress.

Later, he notices a portrait at Fairford that reminds him of someone, but he fails to remember whom. At the end, he takes note of the portrait again and realizes that this must be a relative of the woman he saw on the train. Madam Bellamy confirms that her own mother and her granddaughter look very much alike and that he could have seen her on his train. This leads Tom to think about returning at Christmas, "and a most lovely hope was in his heart." The story ends, however, not with his meeting the granddaughter, but with a final somewhat fraught farewell, between Tom and Mr. Bellamy. Tom gives Bellamy his hunting rifle, bringing Bellamy near to tears in remembering his friendship with Tom's grandfather. But then Tom invites Bellamy to Boston, causing the man's eyes to flash fire in his contempt for Boston abolitionists. However, the memory of friendship overcomes his anger, and they part on good terms, looking forward to meeting again at Christmas.

***Harper's Monthly*, January 1895 (90:227-237).**

This version of about 7300 words is considerably shorter than Manuscript 2, which was about 9100. The Adams to Jewett letter of 23 October 1894 makes clear that Jewett accommodated *Harper's* request that she shorten the story. Therefore, there must have been at least one final manuscript.

Even after these substantial cuts, Jewett's handling of the Bellamy granddaughter remains virtually the same here as in Manuscript 2. Burton first sees her during his train journey. Later the portrait of her great-grandmother seems to hint to him, and finally, Madam Bellamy confirms that Burton could have seen the woman on his train, and he begins seriously to look forward to a return trip at Christmas.

The main difference at the end seems not to concern his interest in the young woman, but it does alter the tone in suggestive ways. Jewett cut Burton's invitation to come to Boston and Bellamy's angry reaction. After his farewell to

Madam Bellamy provides a strong, but unspoken, motive for his return, Burton gives Bellamy his gun, moving him deeply, and then he rides away. This change leaves Burton's farewell uncomplicated by the consequences of the war, placing emphasis only upon his motive for returning and the useful pretense of the Christmas hunt. Reconciliation of the families comes to depend more upon Burton's hope of courting the granddaughter and less upon his overcoming the war-related resentments that remain. Though this would seem to move the story somewhat more toward being prelude to a love story, still the potential love plot is kept fairly firmly in the background.

This ending was an aspect of the story that moved one reader to write to her. Native Virginian Lieutenant John Howard Wills was not the only person to write Jewett in praise of her story. No less a personage than Episcopal Bishop of New York, Henry Codman Potter (1834-1908) offered effusive praise in his letter of 18 January 1895. Wills's letter, mailed two days later, referred directly to the ending: "I can not but hope that you will shortly allow the agreeable hero to meet the lady who was 'the queen of her little company' and that we may be permitted to be present." This hint, along with John D. Adams's hope for a sequel the previous October, shows that Jewett had at least some pressure to alter her ending as she prepared her text for reprinting in *The Life of Nancy*.

First Printing of *The Life of Nancy*

Near the end of this volume is a table of the changes Jewett made between the *Harper's* text and *The Life of Nancy* (October 1895). Nearly all are minor, often changes in punctuation. At the end, however, there are significant alterations. A small change in wording appears in Burton's farewell to Madam Bellamy:

> … and they said farewell once more, while Tom Burton promised something, half to himself, about the Christmas hunt."
> *"Je vous en prie Belle Amie,"*
> he whispered, and a most lovely hope was in his heart.

The *Harper's* text says: " … and they said farewell once more, while Tom Burton said something, half to himself, about the Christmas hunt, and a most lovely hope was in his heart." Burton's mentioning a return at Christmas becomes a promise.

A major change in the first printing text is the addition of a new final paragraph in italics:

> *This was the way that, many years ago, a Northerner found his love, a poor but noble lady in the South, and Fortune smiled again upon the ruined house of Fairford.*

An effect of shifting to italics may be a kind of stepping back, as if the author slips out of her narrative voice and into another, perhaps more authoritative authorial voice with a larger view of time. In any case, the passage makes certain a future that the story otherwise presents as a potential that may or may not be realized, more a hope than a prophecy.

This change had consequences that clearly troubled Jewett. On one hand, the reviewer in *Literary World* took notice of the change and praised it: "… we are grateful to Miss Jewett for the hinted hope of the last sentence." But much more important to Jewett would have been the reaction of her admired friend, Rudyard Kipling:

> Did you in the War Debt (serial form) put in those four lines italic at the end: because I don't remember having seen them and -- I don't like them. They explain things and I loathe an explanation. Please cut 'em out in the next edition and let people guess that he married Mrs Bellamy's grand daughter.

Probably this helped to persuade Jewett to do something rare, perhaps even unprecedented and unrepeated in her fiction, making a change in the second printing of a book. Her final text in the 1896 second printing of *The Life of Nancy* omits the final paragraph.

Reflections

I have written at length about "A War Debt" in "To Each Body a Spirit: Jewett and African Americans," *New England Quarterly* 84:1 (2011) 123-58. At that time, I was considering only the published versions, but still it seemed clear that Jewett struggled with deciding how to end her story. Considering the manuscripts highlights that struggle. Clearly, she felt drawn to make this a love story. But some factors must also have led her to feel that this was not where the story should go.

In the earliest known draft, she firmly established a love relationship between the two young people. That ending seems "tacked on" because the story to that point makes so little of the granddaughter, but still she ends the story with the idea that the impending marital alliance will resolve the conflicts she has introduced in the story, restoring the house of Bellamy at Fairford.

In the later draft, she draws back from this idea. Though Tom's intention to get to know the granddaughter becomes a promise, there is no assurance of a marital alliance, and the end of the story emphasizes instead the desire of Tom and Colonel Bellamy to establish a father-son relationship and the main barriers to this: Tom's propensity to bring up the wrong topic and Bellamy's smoldering anger over the consequences of the Civil War.

The first publication in *Harper's* seems to try to balance the two main contending endings. Tom's intention to become acquainted with the granddaughter is strengthened, while attention to the tensions between Tom and Bellamy is weakened. While a future marriage may help to change attitudes, equally important is the growth of the relationship between Tom and Bellamy. As in the later manuscript, the future toward which these characters are pointed is more the healing of relationships than the restoration of the Bellamy establishment. For that healing to occur, as I argue in my 2011 essay, requires truth-telling and moral development for Bellamy and education and moral maturation for Tom.

To my mind, the first manuscript and the first printing in *The Life of Nancy* are less satisfactory than the other iterations, though all are problematic, as I conclude in "To Each Body a Spirit." The main problem I see with the romantic endings is that claiming a marriage and the material wealth it would bring to the Bellamys will bring about the sort of reunion Jewett may have imagined between North and South must ring hollow to a well-informed person in 1895. Jewett visibly struggled with this problem as she tried ways of wording her description of such a restoration:

> Ms. 1 version 1: This is ^all^ the ~~story~~ ^~~tale~~^ ^history^ of how a rich young gentleman of the north ^who many years ago^ found his love a poor but noble lady in the South and came in the end to be the ~~master and~~ rebuilder of the ^great^ house of Fairford.
>
> Ms. 2 version 2: ~~This is the story~~ This was the way that ^[2 unrecognized words]^ many years ago a northern man found his love -- poor but noble lady in the South, and Fortune smiled again upon the ^ruined^ house of Fairford.
>
> *The Life of Nancy* first printing: *This was the way that, many years ago, a Northerner found his love, a poor but noble lady in the South, and Fortune smiled again upon the ruined house of Fairford.*

Her various revisions illustrate her troubles.

Has she told a story or a tale or a history? Is it a history of the rebuilding of a great house or a story of good fortune for a ruined house? Is Tom Burton to become a *master* and rebuilder or a part of the smile of good fortune? In short, will a marriage *restore* Fairford or *redeem* the family? By 1895 it was clear to well-informed Americans like Jewett that having both restoration and redemption had proven impossible. Reconstruction was long over and Jim Crow firmly established, due to be enshrined in the Constitution by Plessy v. Ferguson in 1896. Tom's ill-informed irritation with Freedmen on the train was no longer a problem in most of the former Confederacy in 1895, where African Americans were confined to "separate but equal" cars. Much as Jewett may have wished for a happy ending to her story, one that not only fulfilled her characters, but also signaled a healing of the spiritual wounds of slavery and the Civil War, she could not reconcile that desire with the actual future toward which her story points, the reification of those wounds in "the Lost Cause" and Jim Crow that constituted her present. Jewett finally chose realism over fantasy.

In her career, Jewett wrote a number of stories about feuds, some successfully resolved and some not. Probably the best known feud in her fiction is that between Almira Todd and Mari' Harris in *The Country of the Pointed Firs* (1896), "The Foreigner" (1900) and "William's Wedding" (1910). This is a long-running, unresolved quarrel that seems to lack the national implications of the post-Civil War context of "A War Debt." Indeed perhaps just one of the others that come to mind seems to expand beyond the levels of the personal, familial, and local. Both the unresolved conflict of "The King of Folly Island" and the finally settled feuds of "Bold Words at the Bridge" (1899) and "Law Lane" (1887) seem mainly to affect the local communities. Perhaps "A Neighbor's Landmark," (1895) points to emerging national issues. John Packer gets cross-ways with his family, his community, and coastal sea traffic, when he is manipulated into selling a landmark pine on his property. Though the tree by deed belongs to him, it also is community property, a landmark for local fishermen and others who ply the Maine coast by sea. His final decision to surrender his pride heals a rift between him and his family and his village, but it also has implications for issues of ecology and stewardship that were coming more to public attention after the Civil War. "A War Debt" is the one story in which Jewett becomes entangled in the great American

national feud that remains unresolved in the 21st Century. In "The Mistress of Sydenham Plantation," Jewett explored the wounds and ruins inflicted by slavery and the war and hinted at the effort necessary for true reconciliation. Her attempt in "A War Debt" to envision an episode that could have been a part of that healing seem less than fully successful.

Manuscripts of "A War Debt"

Two manuscripts of "A War Debt" are held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Sarah Orne Jewett compositions and other papers, MS Am 1743.2-1743.27, Volume 17: 3.

Notes on the Transcriptions

I worked from a digital scan provided by the Houghton Library.

In the first and earlier manuscript, the pages are not numbered and, in the scan, some are out of order and some are on the back sides of a page. I have assigned the pages numbers in the order they appear in my scanned copy, but I have arranged them in the order of the narrative. This means that the positions of pages in the transcription do not correspond to their positions in the MS.

Someone numbered in blue pencil the pages of the second manuscript, and I have included these numbers, but I also give the numbers of the pages as they appear in the scanned copy.

In brackets appear editorial notes and guesses about ambiguous script.

There appear to be two sets of insertions in each ms. In the inked parts of the ms. I have assumed that penciled insertions were added on a second pass through. In penciled portions, I have assumed that inked insertions were added later. I have placed what I believe are later insertions in italics.

I have inserted punctuation in braces to aid in clarity.

A War Debt: Houghton Library Manuscript 1
About 8900 words

[Page 1]

A War Debt --

There was a tinge of autumn color ^even^ on the ^English^ elms as ^*young Mr.*^ ~~Tom Baldwin~~ ^Burton^ walked slowly up Beacon Street. ^looking across at the Common^ He was wondering ^all the way^ which way he had better turn his wandering steps next. It was far too early to settle down in town for the winter, but [almost every *corrected*] body was moving up from the shore and inland ^L^ country{.} There was likely to be a long stretch of just such weather as this, certainly one might count upon ~~it~~ a ^good month especially if one went^ to the southward. ^*Mr. Th*^ He thought of his guns: -- then became conscious that he had reached the doorsteps of his grandmother's fine old-fashioned house. ^*He was the fourth Thomas Burton that the shining brass door-plate had represented*.^ As he went in a sudden ~~determ~~ resolve took fine shape in his mind. The old grandmother was the only near relative he had left in the world{;} she was growing older and more dependent upon him every day. ^over^* He had no idea of leaving her again for any of the long journeys that gave ^such pain to^ her affectionate heart, but there was no reason why he should not take a ~~monthly~~ ^fortnights holiday now and then, particularly now.

"Is Mrs. ~~Baldwin~~ ^Burton^ in her room ^*or has she come down*^ Dennis?" said Tom ^[eagerly *?*]^ "Is there any one with her.{?"}

"There is not sir. Mrs. Burton is alone in the drawing-room{."} [unrecognized word]

Note

over: Here Jewett intended to insert text from the back of this page. That text appears on p. 2 below.

[Page 2]

He had ~~just~~ returned ~~not~~ many ^a ~~few~~ two^ weeks before from an absence of three or four years{;} he had left his grandmother a vigorous elderly woman & returned to find her much changed. Age had struck some sad blows at her strength and spirits{.}

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{"}*The tea is just going up*{."} ~~just going to take up~~ [~~the~~ *changed to* ~~her~~] ~~tea"~~ ~~sir~~ and Tom ran upstairs like a boy and then walked discreetly into the drawing room. His grandmother always ~~needed~~ ^*liked*^ company when she sat there, there had come to be too many ghosts in the empty chairs ~~that belonged to many guests in times past and~~ ^~~not~~ { -- } most of her old friends had died ~~and~~ [so *?*] she clung to those ^few^ who were left rather than make new ones. Tom felt a new sense of regret because for so many years he had left her alone. It seemed to him that she could not be well when one of these pathetic days came round -- it was the illness of old age, that least ~~curable~~ to be palliated of mortal ~~ills~~ ails.

"Can I have a cup of tea myself?{"} said the grandson ^unexpectedly^ and they [began *corrected*] a cheerful hour together ~~while twilight fell --~~ and parted ^*only*^ to meet again at dinner with a warm sense of pleasure in each others company. Now and then Tom Burton wondered as he read the evening paper and ^later^ as he dressed for dinner whether he had better go away just now -- his grandmother was really very old in body though so fresh and young in mind. We are only as old as our hearts are, he had said it [gayly to her *changed to* to her gayly] as she sat ~~comfort~~ a little plaintive

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for the moment, but very handsome behind her tea table.

At dinner after Dennis had ~~put the dessert on and~~ ^[deleted word]^ given Tom his cup of coffee ^~~and cigar~~^ and disappeared with his accustomed air of ~~kind!~~ thoughtfully leaving them alone for a private interview -- Mrs. Burton who sometimes lingered if she felt talkative and sometimes went back to the study to ~~catch~~ take a brief nap before ~~she read the~~ Transcript Tom joined her to say good-night ~~before~~ if he were going out, -- Mrs. Burton left her chair more hurriedly than usual. [Tom *corrected*] meant to stay in that evening and felt a sense of disappointment -- {"}Dont go away{"} he said looking up{.} "Is this a bad cigar?"

"No, no, ^my dear"^ said the old lady. "I [wished *and* wanted *superimposed*] to tell you something ^while we are alone{"} and she unlocked a little cupboard in the great sideboard and clanking among some silver.

Tom joined her with a pair of candles but it was some moments before she found what she wanted. She was full of excitement and he dropped much

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wax unheeded close by her side.

"Oh here it is dear!" she said and went back to her [chair *written over something*] by the round table. I must tell you the history of some ~~dear~~ old pieces of silver in that cupboard" she said. "If I were to die nobody would know anything about them."

"Why ^*you mean*^ ~~it's~~ the ~~Mayflower~~ ^Huguenot^ spoons, and the old English porringer and those things ~~isn't it~~ ^*don't you*^?" said ^*asked*^ Tom showing a lively interest, but his grandmother was busy unfastening a ~~little brown~~ ^small chamois^ bag and presently took out of it a quaint little old silver ^cup^ with two handles that he never remembered to have seen.

"What a charming old bit." said Tom. "Where in the world did it come from; English isn't it? It's like a loving cup -- a copy of some old Oxford thing perhaps but they didn't copy much then. I suppose it was made for a child." He reached over for it eagerly and held it up ^under one of the^ in the candle ~~light~~ shades. {"}Here's an inscription isn't there? but very much worn." --

"Put it down a minute," said ~~the~~ Mrs. Burton ^impatiently^{. "} -- {"}Every time I think of it I am more ashamed to have

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it in the house. People didn't think so then{;} they called it the fortunes of war. That cup was stolen."

"Who stole it?" continued Tom with deep interest.

"Your own father" said Mrs. Burton -- "My son Tom Burton, your father Tom, brought it home from the war{.} I think he meant to keep it ~~and~~ ^*safe only for the sake of*^ send^*ing*^ it back when times were better, but he left it with your mother and me and the day after he got back ~~you know~~ was the day he was killed, poor boy -- "--

"I remember something about that cup now," Tom began to say hastily. {"}I remember my mother talking about breaking up southern homes and all that -- ~~that~~ she never ~~under~~

believed it until she saw the cup, and I thought it was [awfully *corrected*] sentimental. I was about [several deleted words] ^fifteen^ years old I suppose and [would *corrected*] have banged our own house to pieces just for the sake of the racket --"

"And those terrible years came on and your grandfather's and your mother's death* ~~and~~ you and I were left alone, two out of the five that had made my ^dear^ home --"

"Don't grieve ~~about it now~~ Grandmother" said Tom soberly. {"}Tell me about the cup* --" We've had

Notes

death: Jewett reordered words here. The passage first read: your mothers death and your grandfathers and you and I were left ….

cup: As is apparent, in this draft Jewett had not yet attended to the placement of quotation marks. This one is superfluous. Having made an effort to transcribe the text as it appears, I do not take note of such inconsistencies hereafter.

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a jolly life, ^haven't we, you and I^" he glanced up and ventured a joke. "I've settled down for good ^and all^ you know and no end of cribbage{.} Come now old lady don't [deletion] lets think of whats gone -- and he went round the table and gave her a kiss and stood there holding her dear thin old hand as long as she liked.

"I want you to take that silver cup back Tom{"} she said after a minute -- now go and finish your coffee." She had seldom broken down like this. She had been self-possessed, even to apparent coldness in earlier years.

"How in the world shall take it back?" said Tom most businesslike{;} {"}do you know who it belongs to? Why it was ^nearly^ years ago -- Is there ~~any a~~ ^any^ name on it?"

"Your grandfather ~~would have known~~ ^knew^. They were Virginia people that he knew ^old friends of his father & mother^ one of the men was ^his^ [deletion] classmate. He remembered the crest and motto but there were two or three families. He did not happen to look at it until after your father had gone back so that he could ^never^ ask any questions. I remember your father ^Tom, your^ saying* that there ^was a^ beautiful

Note

saying: Exactly what Jewett intended here is uncertain:

your father, Tom,

Tom, your father, ….

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old house burnt and sacked and everything thrown about and he bought this from a soldier ^*who was tossing it about* --^

"Then he didn't really steal it himself?" said Tom with a sense of relief.

"No I suppose not^ said Mrs. Burton. "I hate to have a stolen thing, ~~here~~ ^under my roof^ for all that. I wish you could find out about the people -- there must be some member of the family or even some friends ^of theirs --^ [and *?*] give it back to them.

"Why so I could" -- said ^Tom^ with great zest. "I'll go before cold weather. ^I believe I'll go tomorrow^{.} They're fitting out that new scientific expedition in Washington you know, that I declined ^to join^ but they want me to come on, and talk about some things before they are fairly off. I'll go down into Virginia and look about for a few days at any rate and take the cup along. A man I know ^very well in Washington^ is a Virginian ^an awfully good fellow^ and I'll get my directions from him."

He turned the cup round in his hand and held it again [close *corrected*] to the candle. {"}How pretty this chasing is & the set of the little handles. Oh here's the motto half worn away{.} What an old thing it is!

"Je vous en prie

Bel-ami."

[Page 9]

and the crest. See here! ~~but~~ he held it ~~there~~ ^out to her^ in his hand -- Mrs. Burton looked at it with indifference. {"}^I dare say^ it's pretty enough. I ^only^ wish to return it Tom{."}

Je vous en prie

Bel-ami. Tom repeated --

{"}~~Why~~ I do remember that your grandfather said it [must *written over another word*] have belonged to the Bellamy family: that was their motto. He would have written and returned it -- I

ought to have done it. I forgot it for a ~~long time~~ ^[deletion]^ until last night I found myself thinking about it. [deletion] {"}I like 'those old mottos' {"} ~~said Tom again~~. ^I suppose^ this is a pretty way of saying that they could not live without their friends. {"}

{"}Or else they looked ^only^ to themselves for what they wanted{"} said Tom gallantly. {"}All right, I believe that I'll start to-morrow and make the most of this first rate weather."

"Do my dear{;} you may get some shooting ~~dear~~ with your friends [two words deleted] Or no -- it will be far out of reach of Baltimore perhaps [it is *?*] just as well. Only come back as soon as you can. Your ^Virginian^ friend may know the family and you can leave it with him in Washington."

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"You've started ^me off^ on a first rate adventure" said the young man -- "Come, my cigar's gone out{--} it wasn't good for much{;} lets go in and try the cards [, and *corrected*] talk about things; perhaps you'll think of something more about the Bellamys --"

[Mrs. Burton *written over something*] stopped ~~first~~ to put the cup into its little [deletion] bag again and handed it to Tom ~~who~~ [deletion] ^*solemnly*^ {--} then she took his arm and dismissing all annoying subjects from her mind went into the study and chose the game of cribbage to while away the ^weary^ hours before bedtime -- Her grandson lent himself gayly to ^*this*^ pleasure making and after a while one of the elder friends of the house came in, one of the ^very^ few left who called Mrs. Burton ~~and were called by her~~ by her first name and was greeted affectionately as Henry in return. This ~~simple incident~~ ^guest^ ^*always*^ made her feel young again instead of old -- She forgot that she had been giving a sort of last charge to her grandson. Presently she forgot in eager talk that she had any grandson at all and ~~young~~ Tom took his book from the table and [deletion] the [sv *?*] cup in his hand and his pipe and began to lay plans for a Southern journey.

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II

The Virginia country was full of golden autumn sunshine and blue haze. Tom Burton was on board a slow-moving train ~~in the valley of the Shenandoah~~. He was so impatient to find the end of his journey that he had stopped [but *written over* by *?*] a night in Washington ^apparently^ to make plans for another night or two later, but really to hunt up his friend Fairfax ^and^ to talk with him about the Bellamys and their old home -- It was proved that the James River Bellamys were for certain reasons ~~out of the question~~ ^the probable owners,^ and ^not^ that ~~certain~~ ^other^ ~~family~~ ^had once lived^ in the neighborhood of Charlottesville ~~and nearer Richmond~~{.} ^*his friend*^ Fairfax knew the old crest ^& motto^ when asked about them in a general way, but sighed as he said how scattered the people were yet -- how ~~little~~ ^poorly^ Virginia had* recovered herself ^~~since the war~~^ though things were beginning to look brighter. There were a good many English settlers coming over -- but Fairfax had only been once or twice to Richmond since the war. Somehow Tom Burton thought it would be better to tell his friend the whole story of the cup when he came back {--}* something held him back from displaying to a Southerner such a touching trophy{,} such appealing loot as that childs cup. He

Notes

had recovered herself: Above "had" is penciled "Why?" "Recovered" has been changed in pencil to "recovering" and above "herself" is a penciled word that looks like "self."

came back: Penciled above this phrase is "returned."

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explained his interest by saying that one of the Bellamys was his Grandfathers classmate and that [deletion] they had been intimate in their young days. He had been reading ~~his grandfathers~~ ^some old family^ letters and was much struck with an account of a visit that his grandfather made ~~fifty~~ ^sixty^ years before, at [Fairford *changed in pencil from* Fairfield] the Bellamys old place, ~~but where~~ but how to find it was the next question. [deletion] And the cup happened to be in his possession.

{"}I know that [Fairford *changed in pencil from* Fairfield] is ^still^ ~~one of the~~* there" somewhere ~~back of Richmond~~ {"} said Fairfax -- {"} ^[unrecognized word]^ my people at home used to be always talking about it. I think ~~it~~ ^the house^ was burnt -- but you know I was brought up in France and I haven't got Virginia by heart as I should if you Boston* fellows ~~up in~~ had stayed at home --

The long hours of the journey were full of surprises and shocks to the young traveler who knew almost every civilized country better than his own. The lonely [deletion] look of that part of Virginia, the ~~shattered~~ trees shattered by war which had not found time enough to ^quite^ muffle their broken tops with green. The negroes ^who tumbled in^ undisciplined and lawless, unequal to holding their liberty with steady hands looked poor and less respectable than in the old plantation days. Tom Burton turned into

Notes

~~*one of the*~~: It is not clear exactly what Jewett intended to delete in this phrase. I have deleted "one" though she may not have.

Boston: Jewett has moved this word from after "up in."

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something of a statesman as he moralized along the way. Once he saw a charming middle [aged *corrected*] woman coming into the ^crowded^ car~~s~~ with a magazine under her arm. [And *corrected*] when he ~~gave her half~~ ^shared^ his seat ^with her^ and noticed the Blackwood she carried it proved to bear the date of 1857,* and to have an article on the recent death of Wordsworth. She was the first lady he had ~~met~~ ^seen^ that day -- there was little money left for pleasure among the White Virginians. Presently the negroes who were travelling simply for pleasure grew few in the car and a group of young Englishmen and women took their places. ~~They ha~~ It seemed as if England were settling Virginia ~~once more~~ ^all over again^ and their clear lively voices had no foreign sound. There were going to be races next day at a station farther up the line. Perhaps some of them -- perhaps the lady of Blackwood knew who had bought the old Bellamy plantation and could tell what became of the family in these days -- and Tom began to ~~talk~~ ^make acquaintance^ with his ^companions in^ way faring with the hope of finding out what he ~~wi~~ so much wished to know.

Note:

1857. Jewett's handwriting is somewhat ambiguous here. In any case, the date appears as 1851 in the *Harper's* text.

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~~Tom Burton had~~ ^The next day our hero^ hired a capital saddle [horse *corrected*] at the ^nearest^ Court House and was finding his way along the sandy roads. The ~~level Virginia~~ country was ~~full of golden sunshine and blue haze~~ ^full of colour { -- } the sassafras and gum trees and oaks were all ablaze with red and yellow^{.} Now and then he caught a glimpse of a sail on one of the wide reaches of the James river which lay to the north in wide placid reaches -- now and then he passed a broken gate or the ruins of a house or cabin. He had slung his gun at his back and a game-bag ~~still~~ hung slack and empty except for a single ^plump^ partridge ^in the corner{.}^ Some thing in his [deletion] ^coat^ pocket ~~made~~ ^[corner *?*] bore^ a curious likeness ^to this [deletion]^ -- he wondered if the cup would betray itself to the eye of ~~the~~ its rightful owner -- He was too happy and interested to be impatient { -- } this was just what he came to do and with a sense of unending leisure under that lovely ^hazy^ sky { -- } [deletion] ^rode^ slowly along letting the horse take his own gait except when a ragged negro boy on a heavy footed mule slyly ~~struck~~ ^[urged *?*]^ the dallying [~~heavy~~ *?*] steed ^from behind^ -- It was ^toward^ [deletion] ^~~first~~^ the middle of the October afternoon.

"Mos' there now, ~~Cap'n~~ Cun'l" said the boy [ridin *so it appears*] alongside{.}

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~~Tom was looking sorrowfully at~~

[Page 16]

{"}See them busted trees an [chimblies *or* chimblys *?*] -- you tu'n down here ^*right*^ right smart piece ^*yet*^ an' come right ^front^ to' Mars' Bell'my's house. He's comin along de road now -- you see [there *corrected*]! "Yas -- 'tis ^old^ Mars Bell'my shore.{"}

Tom had been looking with sorrowful eyes ^at the neglected fields^ ~~for the hundredth time since he came into~~ the South -- at a group of ^noble^ trees shattered by war. ^they* [deletion

]^ ~~which even yet had not found time enough to muffle their broken tops with green~~. As the boy spoke he saw the great chimneys too ^and [deletion] the stately figure which approached and led his horse ^along^ ~~by the bridle~~ until he ~~met~~ came face to face with a tall old man who answered his salutation with much dignity --.

{"}Yes sir that's ~~Gen~~ Mars Bell'my, sir{,"} said the boy on the mule ^reassuringly^ and a somewhat awkward moment of hesitation was ~~turned to~~ happily ended between the two men.

"I was coming to call upon you" -- said Tom Burton{.}

=* "Will you mount again sir or will you walk with me to my house" -- said the old gentleman [frowning *?*] a little at his new acquaintances unmistakeable northern accent -- And Tom ~~threw~~ ^gave^ his horse's bridle to the boy who transferred himself to the better saddle

Notes

they: Sorting out what Jewett intended to delete here is complicated, and her intentions remain unclear.

=: Jewett's mark probably indicates her wish to begin a new paragraph here.

[Page 17]

and began to lead the mule instead.

"I have a special errand to you sir{"} said Tom {"} ~~which I mean to ^must^ explain later~~. My name is Burton{.} I think that you and my grandfather were classmates ~~at Harvard~~ --

Tom looked boyish and eager as he faced the old ~~planter~~ Southern gentleman who [towered *corrected*] above his unexpected guest, looking reproachful and courteous at once. Tom was straight and trim ^like a Frenchman. ~~General~~ ^*Colonel*^ Bellamy was nearly a head taller of the two even with his ^bent^ shoulders and relaxed figure. {"} I see ^a resemblance to^ your grandfather sir.{"} said the host for the first time stretching out a cordial hand{.} {"}I bid you welcome to Fairford sir. Will you come back with me to the house?" ~~The~~

They walked on together, speaking of the season and of Tom's journey until they [deletion] came out of the woods at the edge of what had once been a fine lawn with huge oaks clustered together here and there, but these were ~~broken and~~ ^shattered by war^ & more or less destroyed. The ^lopped^ trunks of many could be seen in the marks of ^[camp *?*] fire, still upon them -- Some had put out ~~young branches~~ ^a fresh ~~branch~~ ^bough^ or two^ but most ~~were~~ ^stood for^ their own monuments, rain bleached and gaunt. At the other side of the lawn were the four great chimneys which had been seen from the high road. There was

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[was *repeated*] no dwelling in sight at the moment and Tom stole a look at the ~~grave~~ severe companion. It seemed as if he were being taken to the home of ghosts, as if he were at the very least to be ^purposely^ confronted with the desolation left in the track of Northern troops. ~~Be~~ The ~~General~~ ^*Colonel*^, without noticing the ruins in any way turned slightly toward the right as he neared them and going by some huge clumps of box and overgrown Japan quince they came to a small ~~decayed looking~~ ^square stone^ ^[deletion]^ building with a rude addition ^at one side^, and a negro cabin with some tumble-down sheds.

{"} Mrs. Bellamy and I are occupying the ~~former~~ billiard room at present{,"} said the old man simply -- {"}Will you go in Mr. Burton?{"} and Tom ~~preceded him~~ climbed two or three perilous wooden steps and entered the room. He found himself in a charming homelike place. There was a huge fireplace opposite the door with a thin whiff of blue smoke. A few books on the high chimney piece a pair of portraits with broken frames and some old tables and chairs of different patterns a rude couch covered with ~~deer skins~~ a splendid piece of tapestry folded together -- and by a window at the left curtained only by the vines outside sat a lady who greeted him charmingly and begged pardon for not rising from her

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chair. Her face wore an unmistakable look of pain and sorrow -- as Tom stood at her side his foot awkwardly [touched *?*] a crutch which fell to the uncarpeted floor -- ~~but~~ ^for which^ she most sweetly apologized as if it were all her own fault -- He never had seen a [deletion] room that pleased him better but the poverty was as ~~plain~~ ^marked^ as the elegance -- {"}I am sorry to say that I am very deaf my dear sir{,"} said ~~the mistress of lady~~ Mrs. Bellamy to Tom. {"}Will you tell me your name again?{"}

{"} My old classmate Burton's grandson{"} said the ~~General~~ ^*Colonel*^ who now stood close beside her. {"}You will remember Burton?"

"Very well" said the lady{,} {"} a charming young man -- he was ~~at our wedding with~~ ^[deletion] your guest^ here just before we were married. A fine rider I remember and much entertained with one of our Virginia hunts. I saw that you carried a gun -- -- --. My [deletion] dear ~~General~~" and she turned to [deletion] her husband anxiously -- {"} did you bring home any birds?{"}

The Generals ^Colonels" face lengthened. {"}I had not very much good fortune my love{,"} said he. ~~and~~

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[This page contains another version of the text on page 22. It is not clear how Jewett intended it to fit in. Almost certainly this is a later attempt, for Jewett refers to Bellamy as a "colonel."]

or ill, or had suffered ~~any~~ whole piteous loss of friends and fortune. It was not until they heard the discharge of a gun in a neighboring thicket that it occurred to the guest that Colonel Bellamy might have gone out in quest of their dinner. [The next long passage has been deleted] The old ~~man~~ ^negro^ presently returned and showed Tom to his room, as he closed the door he saw Colonel Bellamy who had just returned come in, take his wife in his arms and carry her [End of long deletion] After a little time ~~he~~ ^Tom^ proposed to go out in search of him, and missed him in his walk through the woods. When he came back to the house the old negro was alone in the great room --

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{"} I can offer you a single partridge{,"} said Tom eagerly. "I am afraid that I interrupted ~~General~~ ^Colonel^ Bellamy just as he was going out."

{"} You will ~~dine~~ ^take supper^ with us certainly -- you will send back your boy and accept our hospitality{,"} urged the mistress of the house. {"}Go my dear send Mr. Burtons boy away{.}"*

{"} If you will [now *?*] excuse my want of preparation{,"} pleaded the guest --

{'} No,{"} said Mrs. Bellamy listening to her own thoughts instead of his words. "You must come and spend ^all^ your time with us and ~~hunt~~ ^[drive *?*]^ with my husband -- he will have many questions to ask { -- } it will give him great pleasure -- [deletion]{"} The ~~General~~ ^*Colonel*^ went quickly out to parley with the boy -- who ~~was~~ presently went off on the mule not the horse, to his great regret. An old negro man servant led away the horse, and General Bellamy disappeared also, leaving the young guest to entertain himself and his hostess for at least an hour. ~~It~~ [deletion] ~~it~~ It was very touching to see how quickly their sense of receiving an [antagonist *corrected*] gave way [before *corrected*] a desire to show ~~proper~~ their feeling of kindly welcome toward

Note

away: Jewett appears to have deleted "send" and "away" in this sentence, though that would seem an unlikely intention.

[Page 22]

a guest -- The links of ancient friendship were still strong and as Tom [sat *corrected*] with his hostess ~~in her poor habitation~~ they had ~~charm~~ much pleasant talk of certain northern friends of whom or at least of whose children he could tell her many things. It is impossible to say how she illuminated her poor habitation{,} with what dignity and sweetness she avoided as far as possible [deletion] any mention of the war { -- } one could not remember either that she was poor ~~sorrowful~~ or ill -- ~~deserted by~~ or had suffered such piteous loss of friends and fortune -- It was not until Tom heard the discharge of a gun in some neighboring [thickets *?*] that he suspected the ~~General~~ ^*Colonel*^ of [having gone *?*] in quest of their dinner -- The one old servant did not make ~~their~~ ^his^ reappearance{.} Tom and Mrs. Bellamy thought the hour ^a short one while^ they were left alone together. He grew more and more embarrassed by the silver cup in his shooting coat pocket.

III

At dinner, the boy having returned from the tavern at the Court House ^with a portmanteau [tied to the mule *?*] [1 or 2 unrecognized words]^ Tom ^Burton^ [deletion] came from his lodging in a tiny room at one side of the ^~~Mrs Bellamys~~^ billiard room ~~salon~~ ^salon^, to find the square table in the middle ~~graced with an earthen~~ ^*already laid with great care*^ jug of ferns* and a handful of late roses at Mrs. Bellamy's plate. Any doubts which [may *?*] have troubled him [

deletion] the matter were set at rest by General ^*Colonel*^ Bellamy's appearing in evening

Notes

ferns: This part of the manuscript is much revised, and it is not clear what Jewett's final intentions may have been.

[Page 23*]

coat and tie as if it were indeed his daily custom. The old man servant bent-backed and grey headed helped his master to draw ~~Mrs~~ ^*Madam*^ Bellamys chair to the head of the table and ~~waited~~ ^served the dinner^ with exquisite care. There was but a meagre feast -- but it was most ~~delightful~~. ^and delicious [unrecognized word]^ {--} ^except for an abundance of ^ small fish~~es~~{,} Tom's own partridge which the General ^~~whose~~^ carved as if it ~~were~~ ^were a first wild^ a turkey -- ~~a few vegetables~~ and some fruit which looked as if it had* been picked from the neglected moss grown trees about the place and was the last product of this expiring life. There were two or three late peaches touched with splendid colour as they lay on a handful of leaves in a broken plate of the most exquisite old china. The furnishings of the table were meagre in the extreme but nobody appeared conscious of it{.} There was no wine for the ill matched glasses -- but ~~the~~ old ~~General~~ Milton the butler produced a single small bottle some sort of beer and poured it for his master and the guest with a grand air -- ^*The Colonel lifted his eyebrows with surprise at the sight but accepted its appearance*^ -- nobody had taken any notice of the chamois bag which Burton had laid near his plate. There was something so appealing in the whole scene. The guest found himself continuously comparing ~~these~~ the poor relics of comfort and even splendor that he saw with the impression he had formed of Fairford in the old days, as seen through his grandfathers letters and the vestiges of former elegance in what

Note

had: The first part of this page is much revised and complicated. Jewett's final intentions remain unclear.

At this point, the manuscript shifts from ink to pencil. In consequence, the following transcription is more tentative. In this portion, later insertions are in black ink or in dark pencil and are noted in italics.

[Page 24]

{he} had seen of the estate. ~~Mrs. Bellamy It was~~ had left the table and Burton stood waiting while the general ^Colonel^ and their old servant [deletion] assisted her to ~~the~~ the [farther *?*] room -- On the general's return ~~the~~ Old Milton ostentatiously put the solitary bottle between them and went away -- the moment had arrived. General Bellamy offered his guest some excellent tobacco and pushed a [2 unrecognized words] ^brass^ candlestick toward him ~~the only relic of the Fairford plate~~ for a light.

{"} ~~I have~~ This is something which I have come to restore to you sir{"} said Tom Burton -- [taking *corrected*] the silver cup from its wrappings -- {"}I believe it to be your property.{"}

The old ~~Generals~~ ^*Colonels*^ face wore a strange ^alarmed^ look{;} his cheeks grew crimson -- He held the cup in his hand and presently kissed it -- Burton saw tears fill his eyes ^[until they began *?*] to fall^ -- {"}[No *?*]{"} said he{, "} I ask no questions -- it was the fortune of war{.} This cup was my grandfathers my fathers, ^and^ mine { -- } ~~and~~ all my own children [drank *corrected*] from it -- they are all gone but me. We ^used to^ call~~ed~~ it the lucky cup -- I am glad -- " but here the old man's voice broke. "We have suffered a bitter misfortune, ^Mr Burton(.}^ He gave the dear heirloom a long look as he held it in his hand{.} {"}Je vous en prie Bel-ami{"} he said under his breath, and laid it ~~shining~~ on the coarse linen of the table cloth

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and spoke of it no more that evening.*

As they ~~had~~ sat together it seemed to Burton that he had never enjoyed a dinner more. The charming talk, the exquisite though faded beauty of Madam Bellamy, the dignity and manly spirit of the [General *written over* master] ^~~general~~^ ^*old* [*gentleman ?*]^ [the *corrected*] perfect absence of either reproach or pity for themselves made the atmosphere of regret poignant. Their four sons had all laid down their lives in what they believed to be their country's service, their daughters had died ~~also~~ ^*early*^ one from sorrow ^*at her husband's death in battle*^, one from exposure ~~at the sacking of her home~~ in a forced ^flight^ across country --

~~Burton~~ their ancestral home lay in ruins{.} Their cause ^~~high~~ ^beloved^ cause had been^ put to shame and defeat ; yet they ^quietly^ bowed their ~~old gr~~ ^aged^ heads to every blast of misfortune and could ~~bid~~ ^make^ a man welcome [at *corrected*] their table whose every instinct and tradition of loyalty made him their enemy. The screech owls might shriek ~~at night~~ from the~~ir~~ chimneys of Fairford and the ^timid^ wild hares course up and down the weed-grown avenues ~~where fine horses~~ on an autumn night like this -- but ~~their welcome the more~~ ^a welcome from the Bellamys^ was as sincere and warm as ever -- and it seemed to the young imaginative guest that the old motto Je vous en prie Belami was never so full of meaning and touching associations as when he fancied it exchanged between [his *corrected*] host and himself{,} Southerner

Note

evening: After this sentence, the manuscript returns to black ink.

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and Northerner, ~~old~~ ^the elder^ man to the younger and the younger to the elder conquered and conqueror in an unhappy war. There was [an *changed from* a] ^empty^ plate [and corrected] a chair opposite his own, but no allusion was made to it ~~that morning~~ -- Mrs. Bellamy did not appear again after dinner in the large room and begged her husband to ~~make~~ say good night ^for her to^ their guest. {"}My dear wife is but frail{,"} said the old man with touching pathos -- as he came back to his [chair *corrected*] before the fireplace. {"}She sees me companioned pleasantly for this evening, and is glad to retire, but if you were not here she would insist upon her game of cards with me. I do miss her gay company;" he added in a lower voice ~~sighing~~ -- , "My only dread in life is to be separated from her ~~one day~~."

¶ As the evening wore on the air grew chilly without, and again and again ^the^ ~~General~~ host replenished [his *written over* the] draughty fireplace, and pushed his box of delicious tobacco toward his guest and Burton remembered ^[deletion]^ a traveling flask ~~of brandy~~ in his portmanteau and begged the ~~old gentleman~~ ^Colonel^ to ~~taste its~~ ^accept it since^ it had been filled from ~~some~~ ^an^ ancient cask in his grandfathers cellar of which ~~his old friend~~ ^~~the General~~ his host^ still preserved some recollections. Milton's eyes shone when he was ^unexpectedly^ called

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to brew a little ^hot^ punch after the ~~almost~~ old Fairford fashion. The later talk ranged from the beauties of ^the style^ of Addisons ~~style~~ to the new improvement in shot guns and ^spoke in passing^ of some ^slight ^ misapprehensions of Virginia life made by a delightful young writer so early lost -- Mr. Thackeray --

IV

The next morning Mr. Burton was wakened early ~~by the~~ in his tiny sleeping-room by the barking of dogs and the cackling of ~~hens and [a live hens ?]~~ ^ducks.^ ^The morning^ air blew in at the square window and he hastened to dress, especially as he [could *corrected*] hear ^in the larger room^ the footstep and voice of the ~~General~~ ^Colonel^ already beginning his day with zest and courage -- ~~with~~ Miltons ^excited^ tones also ^might also be heard^ , as if there were some great project on foot. But when Tom made his appearance ~~in what was still called the billiard room~~ -- both master and servant had disappeared. On the window sill ^by the chair^ where the [Colonel *written over general*] had been sitting was a small old fashioned ^gift^ book face downward and Tom took it up and found an ^ancient *collection*^ of verse ^*most by*^ ~~some~~ [forgotten *corrected*] poets -- Somebody -- it must have been the Colonel himself had marked these lines and it was ^indeed^ impossible ^with all their faults^ to read them without sympathy --

[Page 28]

Like a lean tree whose fruit has dropped
Who gives her all to earth and time
[That *corrected*] childless mother's wishes stopt.
She stood with patience all sublime --

In her poor garden plot the rose
Put out new blossoms with the morn.
Yet not unhappy 'mid her woes
Was [she *corrected*] who, made to bear, had borne.

A heart that never [thought *corrected*] to take
Only to give and give again
Now giving all had but to break
To bear less woe with gentler pain*

Tom put the little old book down on the window sill just as Colonel ~~came in~~ Bellamy passed [deletion] by outside and hastened to join him at the door. Coming across the lawn was a group of negroes small and great with bags and ~~boxes~~ ^baskets^, and after a few words the master set forth to meet them, Tom following --

"Be quiet all of you{!"} said ~~he~~ ^the Colonel^ sternly. {"}Your mistress is still sleeping: go round by the thicket there and Milton will look after you. I'll come presently{.}" ~~and the~~ ^They were almost all^ old people with a few children all very poor and forlorn looking. ~~It was~~ [Evidently *corrected*]

Note

pain: No source for this poem has yet been located.

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one great reason of the Colonels present poverty was the feeling of protection for these poor souls --

The two men walked on in silence and ~~the elder~~ Colonel Bellamy ^now^ led the way toward the ruins of the great house, they crossed the walled garden where some espaliers still hung and ^[deletion] of^ great hedges of box ragged and uncared for could still be traced. ~~In~~ [The *changed from* the] heavy dew and warm morning sun -- brought out the pleasant antique ~~flavor~~ ^*fragrance*^ -- Here and there bloomed a late poppy from some scattered seed* -- It was a barren garden enough but still [deletion] full of charm and delight being a garden. The [unrecognized word] house had stood [in *?*] one of farther corners at an angle of the high brick wall and separated the garden from the great lawn. Much of this [deletion] wall was now overthrown and [there *corrected*] was a fragrance from the ripening grapes and [fallen *corrected*] fruit of various sorts that lay in the [~~long~~ *?*] ^half-withered^ uncared for [undergrowth *corrected*] -- It was most pathetic to see [deletion] ^a^ fine place so completely ruined, the ^tall^ chimneys were already beginning to crumble and birds ^and squirrels^ lived in their crevices{.}

Note

After this word, Jewett changed from ink to pencil in her drafting.

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and flitted about their lofty tops -- At some little distance an old negro was singing { -- } it might have been Milton himself and the song was full of strange monotonous ^notes^ and plaintive changes ^[unrecognized word] and [~~strang~~ *?*] sad enough [unrecognized word] a lament for war itself, and all the misery that follows in its train --

^The two men walked on in silence { -- } but presently they reached the terrace before the ^~~what had been the~~ [unrecognized deletion]^ terrace before the ~~ruined~~ house {,} there were two flights of stone steps that led nowhere. ^These were^ still adorned by some graceful ~~iron work~~ balusters and railings, ^now ~~these were~~^ bent ~~brok~~ and rusty ~~as they~~{.}

"You will observe this iron-work sir," said Colonel Bellamy, stopping to regard with pride almost the only relics of the former stately magnificence of Fairford. "My grandfather had the work carefully planned in Charleston where such work was formerly well done --" He ~~tapped struck~~ ^pointed"^ out ^certain^ charming features of the design with his walking stick, and then walked on without a glance toward the ^decaying^ chimneys or the weed-grown cellar --

The lovely October morning was almost gone when ~~when~~ Milton brought the hired horse round to the billiard room door and the moment came to say farewell. Tom Burton had paid a visit to Madam Bellamy in her

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own room where she lay on a couch by the open window~~{.} It was a poor place enough and her only attendant was~~ On a ~~little~~ light stand by her side was the silver cup with a few wild flowers in it as if the Colonel had ^[so *?*]^ brought it ^in the early morning^ ~~without a word~~ ^~~to give her pleasure~~^ -- Her eyes were dim with weeping, to her it was not ancestral ^only^ ~~thing~~ but the cup that her ~~dear dead~~ ^little^ children had used, one after by one in babyhood { -- } the last and dearest had kept it longest and he was ~~gone~~ dead ^with the rest fallen^ in battle. ~~in the Wilderness.~~

{"}I [am *corrected*] sorry you are leaving so soon{,"} she said{. "}I hoped to make your stay pleasanter with some young companions -- I sent ~~word for~~ ^a message^ to bring my ^~~grand~~^ niece{.} I hoped that she would be here to dine

with you last night -- Will you not visit us again?" she asked{.} {"}It is a ~~great~~ ^rare^ pleasure to my husband to [see the *?*]

[Page 30]

family of his old friend --" She ~~half rose~~ gave him [deletion] [her *written over something*] hand and he kissed it like a courtier(.} If one attempted to describe the surroundings of this poor apartment it would be only to make them seem less ~~wretch meagre~~ poor than they really were. The young man looked back from the doorway to see ^his hostess^ again and thought she was like some exiled queen in a peasant's lodging, such dignity and sweet patience was in her look --

"Sir," said [Colonel *corrected*] Bellamy ^as they parted^{,} you have given me great pleasure{.} I wish Sir that you would repeat this visit." ~~I~~wish ~~th~~

{"} I wish that I might Colonel Bellamy --" [answered *corrected*] Tom{.} "Perhaps ~~I can t~~ we shall have some shooting together -- then acting from sudden impulse, he unslung his gun from his shoulders ^~~and~~ [unbuckled *?*] ~~his cartridge case~~^ and begged the colonel to keep it -- to keep it, at any rate, until he came again.

^as he unbuckled his cartridge case^*

Note

case: Jewett did not make clear exactly where this insertion was to be placed. Perhaps she intended only to provide a more clearly written text of the previous insertion.

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The old Virginian did not reply at first. Then he said slowly -- "Your grandfather would have done this, we were warm friends. I take it from you both -- My own gun is not worth offering in return ----" and his voice faltered, it was the only approach to a complaint that ~~was heard~~ he made to his young and compassionate guest -- Tom was making ~~a~~ ^his^ farewells to Milton who

Note

V: This Roman numeral is set off in the left margin by a triangular line.

stood on the off side of the horse -- No other servant had appeared -- Tom suddenly understood ^for the first time^ that there was no other -- Milton became embarrassing in his acknowledgment -- Tom got down from his horse and hat in hand took the old colonels hand in an ~~impatient~~ boyish eager grasp -- {"} I wish I could be a son to you sir {,"} said he -- {"} I [was *corrected*] ^not old enough^ to know my father -- May I write to you sometimes [deletion] and come to Fairford again/ I wish that you could come to Boston --{"}

But the Colonel's eyes flashed fire and he straightened himself fiercely{.} {"}Boston{ -- {","} he

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^*repeated with bitter scorn*^ ~~said as if it were an oath~~ -- then his eyes softened and he looked weak and old -- {"} Forgive me my boy --- Come ^here^ again ~~before I~~ and make my regards to ^Madame Burton^ ~~your grandmother~~, and ^give her^ our hearty thanks -- {"} He turned away much moved -- ~~Tom~~ ^the guest^ hastened to ride ~~away~~ ^on^ and presently the ^fireless^ chimneys of Fairford were out of sight behind their clustering trees. The noonday light was shining on the ~~great~~ ^wide distant^ river, the shaded road was ~~untenanted~~ untravelled for miles together except by ~~this~~ ^ ^the Northern^ rider ~~whose~~ and his ancient Southern steed.

V>* [deletion] ^As he neared the town^ two figures ~~appeared~~ ^approached^ ~~and gave new interest~~ ^and interrupted^ Tom Burtons ~~melancholy thoughts~~ ^remembrance^ of ^the sorrows of^ Fairford { -- } one proved as he came nearer to be [a *corrected*] young lady and the other was his ^own^ escort of the day before{,} the ^small^ coloured person mounted on a clumsy mule ~~which he urged to advance~~{.} {"} Cun'l{,"} said the boy ^[unrecognized word] {"} I done git her ^sho' [unrecognized word] Miss Virginny^ but I was ridin'

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[Jewett seems to have abandoned this fragment.]

VII

On [the *changed from* his] ~~arrival~~ ^approach to^ the tavern ~~near~~ ^at^ the Courthouse the

generous [traveler *written over* young] found himself received by [unrecognized word] professed acquaintance -- one of the negro boys hailed him eagerly and running at his stirrup told breathlessly that Miss Virginny was [then *?*] just starting{,} ^to^ which Tom listened with little interest

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most ^over^ half the country sah -- fo' I find whar she stoppin' -- Spec' ~~old~~ ol' Mas' Bell'my stompin* round when I ain git back to Fairford last night" --

"I was afraid ^at first^ that my aunt might be ill" -- said Miss Virginia smiling a little. I am sorry to have missed your visit -- Guests are rare at Fairford now. Could you not have stayed longer with my uncle? -- he has few pleasure --"

Tom believed in that moment that he had never seen so charming a face or listened to such a lovely voice. This new acquaintance was sorrily mounted but she sat her horse ~~superbly~~ perfectly { -- } there was [the *written over something*] ^same^ look of royalty in [unrecognized word] which ^had^ so impressed him while he was with Mrs. Bellamy -- and in Mifs ~~Fairfords~~ youth ~~and~~ ^in this case^ made [deletion] ^such a look^ more touching still, for care and poverty had left ^already^ their troubled lines upon her ~~harsh more than~~ [~~girlish~~ *?*] ~~young face~~ forehead -- They talked for a moment like old friends -- Tom wished that he might dare to turn and ride with her toward Fairford -- but in another moment they ~~were~~ had parted with much dignity as strangers should on a Virginia road.

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[These seem to be notes.]

He did not really know her { -- }

The puritan in him found { -- }

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There seemed to be a glow of new light shining into Tom Burton's life -- This moment gave the real reason why fate had led him southward, and revealed the unsuspected purpose of his future. He turned in his saddle ~~and Miss Fairford~~ Bellamy ~~had stopped her horse~~ turned too moved by some impulse and they waved their hands to each other{.} Tom's heart thrilled now as it had never thrilled before { -- } he had been but a cold hearted young bachelor all his days. Thank Heaven he had given a half promise about ^coming down for^ some shooting with the Colonel before winter -- and he rode away to the Fairford Courthouse to take his northward train --

[Deletion] ~~As he hurried along by horse or by train~~ ^[unrecognized word] traveler^ all that day he was humming to himself a scrap of a tune to which the old Fairford motto exactly fitted

Je vous en prie Belamie

It was ^going to everybodys surprise^ [be proved *?*] that the payment of [a *?*] war debt ~~had~~ involved the beginning of a love story.

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[So *corrected*] This is ^all^ the ~~story~~ ^~~tale~~^ ^history^ of ~~how~~ a rich young gentleman of the north ^who many years ago^ found his love a poor but noble lady in the South and came in the end to be the ~~master and~~ rebuilder of the ^great^ house of Fairford.

S.O.J.

A War Debt: Houghton Library Manuscript 2
About 9100 words

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A War Debt

Complete

Macadam

There was a tinge of autumn color on even the English elms as Tom Burton walked slowly up Beacon Street. He was wondering all the way what he had better do with himself; it was far too early to settle down in Boston for the winter, but his grandmother kept to her old date for moving up to town and here they were. As yet nobody thought of braving the country weather long after October came in and most country houses were poorly equipped with fireplaces or even furnaces, this was some years ago, and not the very last autumn that ever was.

There was likely to be a long stretch of good weather, a month at least

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if one took the trouble to go a little way to the southward. Tom Burton quickened his steps a little and began to think definitely ~~about~~ ^of^ his guns, while a sudden resolve took shape in his mind, just then he reached the door-steps of his grandmothers fine old fashioned house, being himself the fourth Thomas Burton that the shining brass doorplate had represented. His old grandmother was the only near relative he had in the world, she was growing older and more dependent upon him every day. That summer he had returned from a long wandering absence of three years and the vigorous elderly woman whom he had left busy and self-reliant had ^sadly^ changed in the mean time, age had begun to strike telling blows at her strength and spirits. [Tom *written over* He] had no idea

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3

of leaving her again for the long journeys which had become the delightful habit of his life -- but there was no reason why he should not take a fortnight's holiday now and then, particularly now.

"[Has *with something written over it*] Mrs. Burton come down yet Dennis? Is there any one with her?" asked Tom as he entered.

"There is not sir. Mrs. Burton is in the drawing-room," answered Dennis precisely. "The tea is just going up; I think she was waiting for you." and Tom ran up stairs like a school boy and [then *corrected*] walked discreetly into the drawing room. His grandmother gave no sign of having expected him, but she always liked company at that hour of the day: there had come to be too many ghosts

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4

in the empty chairs.

"Can I have two cups?" demanded the grandson cheerfully. "I don't know when I have had such a walk!" and they began a [deletion] gay gossiping hour together, and parted for a short season afterward only to meet again at dinner with a warm sense of pleasure in each other's company. The young man always insisted that his grandmother was the most charming woman in the world and it can be imagined what the ~~lonely~~ grandmother thought of Tom. She was only severe with him because he had given no signs of wishing to marry, but she ~~thought~~ was tolerant of all delay, so long as she could now and then keep the subject fresh in his mind. It was not a moment to speak again of the great question

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that afternoon and she had sat and listened to his ~~merry~~ talk of people and things, a little plaintive and pale, but very handsome, behind the tea table.

II

At dinner, after Dennis had given Tom his cup of coffee ^and cigars^ and disappeared, with an accustomed air of thoughtfully leaving the family alone for a private interview; M[rs] Burton, who sometimes lingered if she felt ~~talkative~~ ^like talking^, and sometimes went away to the drawing room to take a brief nap before she began her evening book, ~~and~~ ^and

before^ Tom joined her for a few minutes to say good night if he were going out, -- M^rs^ Burton left her chair more hurriedly than usual. Tom meant to be at home that evening and was all ready to speak of his plan for some Southern shooting

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and ~~he~~ ^he^ felt a ^sudden^ sense of disappointment.

"Don't go away," he said, looking up as she passed. "Is this a bad cigar?" *

"No, no, my dear," said the ~~beautiful~~ old lady hurrying across the room in an excited unusual sort of way. "I wish to ~~tell~~ show you something while we are by ourselves." and she stooped to unlock a ~~side~~ little cupboard in the great sideboard and fumbled in the depths ~~of it~~ ^there^, upsetting and clanking ^among^ some pieces of silver. Tom joined her with a pair of candles but it was some moments before she could find what she wanted. Mrs. Burton appeared ^to be^ in a hurry, which almost never happened, and ~~Tom~~ in trying to help ^her^ Tom dropped much wax unheeded at her side.

"Here it is at last," she said, and

Note

cigar: Penciled in the left margin before the next sentence: Gest.

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7

went back to her seat at the table. "I ~~must~~ ^ought to^ tell you the stories of some old [deletion] silver that I keep in that cupboard; if I were to die, nobody would know anything about them."

"Do you mean the old French spoons and the ~~queen's~~ ^prince's^ porringer and those things?" asked Tom showing the most lively interest, but his grandmother was busy unfastening the strings of a little bag and ~~shaking~~ shook her head absently in answer to his question. She ~~herself~~ took out and handed to him a quaint old silver cup with two handles that he [could *corrected*] not remember to have ever seen.

"What a charming old bit --" said he, turning it about; . "Where in the world did it [deletion] come from? English

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of course; and it~~s~~ ^looks^ like a loving cup, a copy of some old Oxford thing perhaps; only they didn't copy much then. I should think it had been made for a child." Tom ~~looked at~~ ^turned^ it round and round and drew the candles toward him. ~~to hold it under the shade.~~ "Here's an inscription too, but very much worn."

"Put it down a minute" said Mrs. Burton impatiently. "Every time I have thought of it I have been more ^and more^ ashamed to have it in the house. People weren't so shocked by such things at first: they would only be sentimental about the ruined homes, and say ^that,^ after all, it was the fortunes of war. That cup was stolen."

"But who stole it?" inquired Tom with deep interest.

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"Your father ^brought it here^" said Mrs. Burton with great spirit, and even a tone of reproach. "My son, ~~Thomas~~ Tom Burton, your father, brought it home from the war. I think his plan was to keep it safe to send back to the people who owned it, but he left it when he was ordered suddenly to the front; he was only at home four days and the day after he got back to camp was the day he was killed, poor boy ----" ^~~and your grandfather the next month~~ ----"^

"I remember something about it now," Tom hastened to say. "I remember my mother's talking about the breaking up of Southern homes and all that: she never believed it until she saw the cup and I thought it was awfully silly. I was just at the age when I would have banged our own house to pieces just

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for the sake of the ~~racket~~ racket."

--- "And that terrible year [followed *written over something*]: your grandfather's and your mother's death, and Tom gone, ~~such a young dear handsome boy~~ and I was left alone with you, two ^of us^ out of the five that had made my home --"

"I should say [deleted insertion] one and a half," insisted Tom with some effort -- "What a boy I was for a grandson! ~~then, I hadn't the sense ^of a boy of^ ten until I was at least sixteen.~~ Thank Heaven there comes a time when [deletion] ^we are all ~~grown people on~~^ the same age! We are jolly together now aren't we? Come [deletion] dear old lady don't lets think too much of what's gone by!" and he went round the table and gave her

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a kiss and stood there where she need not look him in the face, holding her dear thin hand as long as ever she liked.*

"I want you to take that ^silver^ cup back Tom" she said presently in her usual tone. "Go back and finish your coffee." She had seldom broken down like this; [Mrs. *corrected*] Burton had been self possessed, even to apparent coldness in earlier life.

"How in the world am I going to take it back?" asked Tom most businesslike and calm. "Do you really know just where it came from? And then it was several years ago."

"Your grandfather knew: they were Virginia people of course and happened to be old friends; one of the younger

Note

liked: Circled in pencil in the left margin before the next sentence a word that looks like: Greene.

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men was his own classmate. He knew the crest and motto at once, but there were two or three branches of the family none of them, so far as he knew living anywhere near where your father was in camp. Poor Tom said that there was a beautiful old house sacked and burnt and everything ~~thrown~~ scattered that was saved. He happened to hear a soldier ^from another regiment^ talking about it and saw him tossing this ^cup^ about and bought it from him with all the money he happened to have in his pocket."

"Then he didn't really steal it himself!" exclaimed Tom laughing a little, and with a sense of relief.

"No, no, Tom!" said Mrs. Burton impatiently. "Only you see that it really is a stolen thing and I have had

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it all this time under my roof. For a long time it was packed away with your fathers war relics, ~~and the~~ those things that I couldn't bear to see -- and then I would think of it only at night after I had once seen it, and forget to ask any one else, while you were away, or wait for you to come -- Oh I have no excuse. [I *written over* It] ~~has~~ have been very ~~weak~~ ^careless^, but here it has been all the time. I wish you would find out about the people -- [there *written over something*] must be some one belonging to them -- some friend perhaps to whom we could give it: it is one of the things that I wish to have done ^at last^ and to forget. Just take it back or write some letters first: [unidentified mark] you will know what to do. I should like to have the people understand."

"I'll see about it at once," said Tom

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with great zest. "I believe you couldn't have spoken at a better time. I have been thinking of going down to Washington this ^very^ week. I hear that they are ^in a hurry with^ fitting out that new ~~astronom~~ scientific expedition in Washington that I declined to join and they want me to come on and talk ~~about some~~ ^over^ things before they are off. One of the men is a

Virginian an awfully good fellow and then there's [Clendennin *corrected*] you know, my ^old^ chum, who's in Washington too just now, they'll give ^me^ my directions -- they know all Virginia between them. I'll take the cup along, and run down from Washington for a few days, and ^perhaps^ get some shooting."

Tom's face was shining with

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interest and satisfaction -- he took the cup and again held it under the candle-light. "How pretty this old ~~handwriting~~ ^chasing^ is round the edge, and the set of the little handles. Oh here's the motto: What a dear old thing [and *corrected*] enormously old. See here under the crest --" and he held it toward Mrs. Burton:

"Je vous enprie*

Bel-ami."

Mrs. Burton glanced at it with indifference. "Yes, it is charming, as you say. ^But^ I only wish to return it ^to its owners,^ Tom."

"Je vous e prie

Bel-ami." -----

Tom repeated the words under his breath, and looked at the crest carefully.

Note

enprie: Jewett appears to have connected the two words on this page.

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16*

¶ "I remember that your grandfather said it belonged to the Bellamys --" said his grandmother. "Of course: how could I forget that! I have never looked at it properly since the day I first saw it. It is a charming motto -- they were very charming and distinguished people. "I suppose this is a pretty way of saying that they could not live without their friends. 'I beg of you; ~~Je vous enprie~~ Bel-ami -- it is a quaint fancy; one might turn it in two or three pretty ways."

"Or they may have meant that they only looked to themselves for what they wanted, *Je vous en prie Bellamy*!" said Tom, gallantly. "All right; I

Note

16: Penciled and partially circled in the upper left corner a word that looks like: Hale. This probably is in another hand, as is also the penciled pilcrow at the beginning of the first paragraph.

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think ^that^ I shall start tomorrow or next day. ~~"said~~ If you have no special plans" -- he added.

"Do go my dear, you may get some shooting as you say," said Mrs. Burton ^a little wistfully, but^ kindly personifying Tom's inclination."*

"You've started me off on a fine romantic adventure" said the young man. "[Come *corrected*], my cigar's gone out and it never was good for much: lets go in and try the cards and talk about things; perhaps you'll think of something more about the Bellamys: You said that my grandfather had a classmate --"

¶ Mrs. Burton stopped to put the cup into its chamois bag again, and handed it

Note

inclination: Here is one of several places where Jewett adds an extraneous quotation mark. Where I notice she has omitted them, I have shown them in braces, but I have included without marking extraneous ones.

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solemnly to Tom, then she took his arm, and ~~they~~ dismissing all displeasing thoughts they sat down to the ^peaceful^ game of cribbage to while away the time. The grandson lent himself gayly to pleasure making -- and they were just changing the cards for their books, when one of the elder friends of the house appeared, [one *corrected*] of the ^elder^ friends of the house appeared, one of the two or three left who called Mrs. Burton Margaret, and was greeted affectionately as Henry in return. This guest

^always^ made the dear lady feel young, he himself was always to the front of things, and had much to say. It was quite forgotten that a last charge had been given

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to Tom or that the past had been wept over -- Presently, the late evening hours always being her best -- she forgot in eager talk that she had any grandson at all, and Tom slipped away with his book to his own sitting room and his pipe. He took the little cup out of ~~his~~ ^its^ bag again, and set it before him, and began to lay plans for a southern journey.

III*

The Virginian country was full of golden autumn sunshine and blue haze. The long hours spent on a slow moving train were full of shocks and surprises

Note

III: Next to this number in the left margin is penciled, probably in another hand, a word that may be: Black.

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to a young traveler who knew almost every civilized country better than his own. The lonely look of the fields, the trees shattered by war which had [not *corrected*] yet found time enough to muffle [their *corrected*] broken tops with green; the negroes who crowded on board the train ~~undisciplined and~~ lawless ^and^ unequal ~~yet~~* to holding their liberty with steady hands, looked poor and less respectable than in the old plantation days, and ~~even~~ as if the long discipline of their former state had counted for nothing. Tom Burton [deletion] felt himself ^for the first time^ to have something of a statesman's thoughts and schemes as he [moralized* along the way. Presently he noticed with ~~interest~~ deep sympathy [*deletion, possibly of* the middle aged]

Notes

yet: This may be a significant alteration, small as it is. In her writing, Jewett consistently tries to maintain a Christian progressive attitude toward human improvement, believing that all people naturally are able to "hold liberty with steady hands," though at any given historical moment some peoples and individuals may not yet have reached that point. A problem in the composition of this story is determining the degree of distance between Jewett as narrator and Tom as her character. Some readers are persuaded that their points of view are identical and that Jewett must share his attitude that African Americans may not be capable of full humanity. I have argued that Jewett's Christian progressivism puts her at odds with Tom, whom she presents as not yet very sophisticated in his "statesman's thoughts."

moralized: The meaning of Jewett's bracket is not clear.

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~~woman~~ ^a lady^ who came down the crowded car and took the seat just in front of him. She carried a magazine under her arm ~~and~~ { -- } a ^copy of^ Blackwood which was presently proved to bear the date of 1851 and to be open at an article on the death of Wordsworth. She was the first lady he had seen that day; there was little money left for journeying and pleasure among the White Virginians -- but at ~~one~~ ^two or three^ station^s after this^ a group of young Englishmen and women stood [with *corrected*] the gay negroes on the platform, and came into the train with cheerful greetings to their friends. It seemed as if England had begun to settle Virginia all over again -- and their clear lively

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voices had no foreign sound. There were going to be races at some courthouse town in the neighborhood -- ^Burton was a great lover of horses himself^ and the new scene of things grew more and more interesting ~~to a stranger~~. In [one *corrected*] of the gay groups was a different figure from any of the fresh ~~cheeked wives~~ ^cheeked young wives^ of the ~~young~~

English planters { -- } a slender girl [pale *corrected*] and spirited with a look of care beyond her years -- She was the queen of her little company. it was to her that every one looked ^for approval & sympathy^ as the laugh went to and fro. There was something so high bred and elegant in her bearing{,} something so exquisitely ~~fine and~~ sure and stately ~~like that the~~ [unrecognized deletion] that her companions were ^made^ clumsy and rustic

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in their looks by contrast. The eager talk of the coming races, of the ^untried^ thoroughbreds, the winners and losers of the year before made more distinct this young Virginian lady's own look of high breeding and emphasized her advantage of race. She was ~~for the moment the~~ ^the new and finer^ Norman among Saxons ~~the Frenchman or American among Germans~~ -- . She ^alone^ seemed to have that possibility of swiftness of mind, of sureness of training { -- } it was the highest type of English civilization refined still further by ^long^ growth in ~~American~~ ^favoring^ soil. Tom Burton read her unconscious face as if it were a romance, he believed that one of the great Virginia houses must still exist and that she was its young mistress. ~~There~~

The house's fortune was no doubt

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gone. the long worn and carefully mended ^[little *corrected*]^ black silk gown that followed the lines of her lovely figure ~~and her evident lack of prosperity~~ told plainly enough that ^worldly^ prosperity was a thing of the past -- but what nature could give ^of its best^ and only age and death could take away were hers. He watched her more and more{;} at one moment she ~~looked~~ glanced up suddenly and ~~they~~ held his eyes ^with hers^ for one revealing moment. There was no surprise in the look, but a confession of pathos, a recognition of sympathy ~~that~~ ^which^ made even a stranger feel that he had the ^in most^ secret of her heart.*

Note

heart: Penciled in another hand after this sentence: Gallagher.

IV

The next day our hero, ^having^ hired a capital

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saddle horse, a little the worse for age, was finding his way eastward along the sandy roads. The country was full of colour; the sassafras ~~trees~~ and gum trees and oaks were all ablaze with red and yellow. Now and then he caught ~~sight~~ a glimpse of a sail on one of the wide reaches of the river which lay to the northward, now and then he passed a broken gateway or the ruins of a ~~house~~ cabin. He ~~had slun~~ carried a light gun ^before him^ across the saddle and a game bag hung slack and empty at his shoulder except for a single plump partridge ^[deletion]^ in ~~the~~ ^one^ corner which had whirred up at the right moment out of a ^vine covered^ thicket. Something ^small and^ heavy in his coat pocket seemed to correspond

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to the ~~dead~~ bird, and once or twice he unconsciously lifted it in the hollow of his hand. The day itself and a sense ~~that~~ of being on the road to ~~do~~ fulfill his mission; a sense of unending [leisure *corrected*] and satisfaction under that lovely hazy sky seemed to leave no place for impatience or ~~regret~~ thought of other things. ~~and~~ He* rode slowly along with his eye on the ^roadside^ coverts, letting the horse take his own gait, except when a ragged negro boy on an unwilling heavy-footed mule slyly approached and struck the dallying steed from behind. It was past the middle of the October afternoon.

"'Mos' thar' now, Cun'l," said the

Note

He: Jewett has added the period after things and capitalized a small h in "He," underlining the H twice.

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boy at last, eagerly. "See them busted trees pas' thar', an' [chimblys *corrected*]? You tu'n down nax' turn; ride smart piece yet, an' you come right front ol' Mars. Bell'my's house. See, he comin' 'long the road now: [Yas *perhaps corrected from* Yes], tis Mars Bell'my shore, an' 's gun."

Tom had been looking across the neglected fields with compassion, and wondering if such a plantation could ever be brought back to its days of prosperity. As the boy spoke he saw the tall chimneys in the distance -- and then a little way ~~up~~ before him in the shadow of some trees a stately figure that ^slowly^ approached. He hurriedly dismounted

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leading his horse until he met the tall old man who ~~had~~ [answered* his salutation with much dignity. There was something ^royal and^ remote from ordinary men ~~and royal in~~ in his silence after the first words of courteous speech.

"Yas sir: that's Mars. Bell'my sir,{"} whispered the boy on the mule, reassuringly, and the moment of hesitation was happily ended.

~~"My name is Burton said the younger man~~ "I was on my way to call upon you, Colonel Bellamy; my name is Burton --" said the younger man.

"Will you [deletion] come with me to the house?" said the old gentleman putting out his hand cordially a second time and though he had frowned slightly at first at the unmistakable Northern

Note

answered: The meaning of Jewett's bracket is not clear.

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accent, the light came quickly to his eyes. Tom gave his horses bridle to the boy who promptly transferred himself to the better saddle and began to lead the mule instead.*

"I have been charged with an errand of friendship," said Tom. "I believe that you and my grandfather were at Harvard together." Tom looked boyish and eager and responsive to hospitality at this moment. He was straight and trim, like a Frenchman. Colonel Bellamy was much the taller of the two, even with his bent shoulders and relaxed figure.

"I see the resemblance to your grandfather, sir. I bid you welcome to Fairford," said the Colonel. "Your visit is a great

Note

instead: Penciled and partly circled in the left margin before the next paragraph, what looks like: Gest.

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kindness."

They walked on together, speaking ceremoniously of the season and of the shooting and Tom's journey until they left the woods and overgrown avenue at the edge of what had once been a fine lawn with clusters of huge oaks but these were shattered by war and more or less ruined. The lopped trunks still showed the marks of fire and ~~shells~~ shot, some had put out a fresh bough or two but most of the ancient trees stood for their own monuments ~~bl~~ rain-bleached and gaunt. At the other side of the wide lawn, against young woodland and a glimpse of the river, were the

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four great chimneys which had been seen from the highroad. There was no dwelling in sight at the moment and Tom stole an apprehensive look at ~~his~~ ~~severe~~ ^the grave^ face of his companion. It appeared as if he were being led

to the habitation of ghosts, as if he were purposely to be confronted with the desolation left in the track of Northern troops. It was not so long since the great war that these things could be forgotten. ¶ The Colonel however, [without *corrected*] noticing the ruins in any way turned toward the right as he passed them and passing by a high fragment of brick wall topped by a marble ball or two which had been shot at for marks -- and passing just beyond, some huge clumps

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of box, they came to a square ~~stone~~ ^brick ~~stone brick~~^ building with a rude ^wooden^ addition at one side, and saw some ~~shed~~ tumbledown sheds ^a short distance^ beyond with a negro cabin.

~~"My wife and I are occupying the billiard~~

They came to the ^open^ door ~~of the ^low^ stone house~~. "This was formerly the billiard room. Your grandfather would have kept ~~pleasant~~ ^many^ memories of it," said the host simply. "Will you go in Mr. Burton?" and Tom climbed two or three perilous wooden steps and entered to find himself in ~~an ill~~ ^[unrecognized deletion]^ ~~furnished but~~ a most home like and charming place. There was a huge fireplace opposite the door with a thin whiff of blue smoke going up, a

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few old books on the ~~the~~ high chimney piece, a pair of ^fine^ portraits with damaged frames -- some old tables and chairs of different patterns with a ~~rude~~ couch by the square window covered with a piece of fine tapestry folded together and still showing its beauty, however raveled and worn. By the opposite window curtained only by vines, sat ~~an elderly~~ ^a ~~frail~~ [unrecognized deletion]^ lady ^with her head hooded in lace^ who greeted the guest charmingly and begged pardon for not rising from her chair. Her face wore an unmistakable look of pain and sorrow -- as Tom Burton stood at her side, he could find nothing to say in answer to her apologies -- he was not wont to be abashed, and a real

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court could not affect him like this ideal one. The poor surroundings could only be seen through the glamour of their owners presence -- it seemed a most elegant interior.*

"I am sorry to have the inconvenience of deafness --" said Madam Bellamy looking up with an anxious little smile. "Will you tell me ^again^ the name of our guest?"

"He is my old classmate Burton's grandson; of Boston" said the Colonel who now stood close at her side -- he looked apprehensive as he spoke and the same shadow flitted over his face as when Tom had announced himself [1 or 2 unrecognized words] {by} the oak at the road-side.

"I remember M^{r} Burton, your grandfather

Note

interior: After this word is penciled text in another hand, 2 or three unrecognized words.

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very well" -- said Madam Bellamy at last giving Tom her hand for the second time as her husband had done. "He was your guest here the autumn before we were married my dear; a fine rider I remember and a charming gentleman. [He was much entertained by one of our great ~~hunts~~ ^hunts^. I saw that you also carried a gun... My dear," and she turned to her husband anxiously, "did you bring home any birds?"

~~The~~ Colonel Bellamy's face lengthened, "I had scarce~~ly~~^ly^ time, or perhaps I had not my usual good fortune," said he. "The birds ^have^ followed the grain-fields ^away from Virginia^ we sometimes think."

"I can offer you a ~~single~~ partridge"

Note

He: The reason for Jewett's bracket is not clear.

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said Tom eagerly. "I shot one as I rode along. I am afraid that I ~~interrupted~~ ^stopped^ Colonel Bellamy just as he was going out."

"I like a partridge particularly" -- said Madam Bellamy. "And you will take supper with us certainly. You will ~~send back your boy and~~ give us the pleasure of a visit. I regret very much my granddaughters absence, but it permits me to offer you her room which happens to be vacant." but Tom attempted to ~~excuse himself~~ make excuse.

"No, no," said [deletion] ^Madam^ Bellamy ~~listening to~~ ^answering^ her own thoughts rather than his words. "You must certainly

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stay the night with us, we shall make you ~~quite one of ourselves~~ ^*most welcome*^. It will give my husband great pleasure, he will have many questions to ask you --"

Tom ~~present~~ went out to search for his attendant who presently clattered away on the mule at an excellent homeward pace. An old negro manservant led away the horse and Colonel Bellamy disappeared also, leaving the young guest to entertain himself and his hostess for an hour that flew by like light. A ~~charming~~ woman who is charming in youth is still more charming in age to a man of Tom Burtons imagination and he was touched to find how quickly

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the first sense of receiving an antagonist had given way before a desire to show their feeling of kindly hospitality toward ~~a member of one of the family of an old friend~~ a guest. The links of ancient friendship still held strong and as Tom sat with his hostess by the window they had much pleasant talk of northern ~~friends~~ ^families^ known to them both, of whom or of whose children and grandchildren he could give much news. It seemed as if [she *but intending* he] should have known Madam Bellamy all his life. It is impossible to say how she illuminated her poor habitation with what dignity and sweetness she avoided as far as possible, any reference to the war or its effect: one could neither remember that she was poor

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or ill or had suffered such piteous loss of friends and fortune.*

Later, ~~the~~ ^when^ Tom ~~proposed to take a stroll~~ was walking toward the river through the woods and overgrown fields of the plantation, he came upon the ruins of ~~long lines of~~ the old cabins of ^what must have been^ a great family of slaves; the crumbling mounds of the chimneys stood in long lines on either side of a weed-grown lane; not far beyond he found the sinking mounds of ~~the~~ some breastworks ~~there~~ on a knoll which commanded the river channel. The very trees and grass looked harrowed and distressed by war -- the silence of the sunset was only broken by the

Note

fortune: In the left margin before the next paragraph is penciled in another hand: Clark.

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cry of a little owl that was begging mercy of its fears far down the lonely shore.

V

At supper that night Burton came from his room to find Colonel Bellamy bringing his wife in his arms to the table while ~~Milton~~ the old bent backed and grey headed man servant followed to place ~~the~~ ^her^ chair. The mistress of Fairford was entirely ^lame and^ helpless, but she sat at the head of her table like a queen. There was a bunch of damask roses at her plate; the Colonel himself was in evening dress, antique in cut and sadly worn and Tom himself thanked his patron saint that the boy had brought ^[unrecognized deletion]^ his portmanteau in

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good season. There was a glorious light in the room from the fire and the table was served with exquisite care and even more luxurious delay, the ~~small~~ ^excellent^ fish which the Colonel himself must have caught in his unexplained absence and Tom's own partridge, which was carved as if it had been the first wild turkey of the season ^were^ followed [deletion] {by} a few peaches touched with splendid colour as they lay on a handful of leaves in a ^bent and^ dented silver plate. There seemed to be no wine for the ~~ill~~ stray ~~matched~~ glasses until old Milton produced a single small bottle of beer ^and^ uncorked and poured it for his master and his master's guest with a grand air. The Colonel lifted his eyebrows slightly ~~with sort of~~ but accepted its

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appearance at the proper moment.

¶ They sat long at table { -- } it was impossible to let one's thought dwell upon any ^of the^ [meagre *corrected*] furnishings of the feast. ~~They~~ ^the host and hostess^ talked of the days when they went often to France and England, ^and^ of Tom's grandfather when he was young. [deleted clause] At last Madam Bellamy left the table and Tom stood waiting while she was carried to her own room. ~~with~~ He had kissed her hand ^like a courtier^ as he said good night. On the Colonel's re[turn* the old butler ^ostentatiously^ placed the solitary bottle between them and went away. The Colonel offered some excellent tobacco and Tom begged leave to fetch his pipe = When

Note

re[turn: This bracket seems to have been inserted in pencil by another hand. Its meaning is not clear.

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he returned he brought with it the chamois skin bag that held the silver cup and laid it before him ^on the table^. It was like ^*the dread of*^ going into battle but the moment had arrived. He laid his hand on [deletion] ^the cup^ for a moment as if to hide it -- then he waited until his pipe was ^fairly^ going.

"This is something which I have come to restore to you sir" said Tom presently, taking the ~~cup~~ ^piece of silver^ from its wrappings. "I believe that it is your property."

The old Colonel's face ~~took on~~ ^wore^ a strange alarmed look -- his thin cheeks grew crimson. He reached eagerly for the cup and held it before his eyes, at last he bent his head and

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kissed it. Tom Burton saw that his tears began to fall, that he half rose, turning toward the door of the next room, where his wife was; then he sank back again and looked at his guest appealingly. *

"I ask no questions," he faltered; "it was the fortune of war. This cup was my grandfather's, my father's, and mine; all my own children drank from it in turn; they are all gone before me. We always called it our lucky cup. I fear that it has come back too late" -- The old man's voice broke, but he still held the shining piece of silver before him, and turned it about in the candle-light.

Note

appealingly: In the left margin before the next paragraph is penciled: Macadam.

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{"}Je vous en prie

Bel-ami{"}

he whispered under his breath, and ~~face~~ ^put^ the cup ~~from him on the coarse linin of the cloth.~~ ^before him on the scarred mahogany. ^ . . . . ^

"Shall we move our chairs before the fire Mr. Burton? I could wish that my granddaughter had returned. My dear wife is but frail," said the old man ^after a long silence, and^ with touching pathos. "She sees me companioned for the evening and is glad to seek her room early -- if you were not here she would insist upon our game of cards. I do not allow myself to dwell upon the past and I have no wish for gay company" ^he added in a lower voice^ "my only dread in life is to be separated from her." As* the evening wore on the autumn

Note

As: The "A" is underlined twice.

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air grew chilly, and again and again the host replenished his draughty fireplace, and pushed [the *corrected*] box of delicious tobacco toward his guest and Burton in his turn ^ventured to^ remember~~ed~~ a flask in his portmanteau and begged the Colonel to taste it since it had been filled from an old cask in his grandfather's cellar ~~of which~~ {.} The old butler's eyes shone with satisfaction when he was unexpectedly called upon to brew a little punch after the old Fairford fashion, and the later talk ranged along the youthful escapades of Thomas Burton the elder to the beauties of the style of Addison; from the ~~newest~~ ^latest^ improvement in shot guns to the

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statesmanship of ^Thomas^ Jefferson, while the Colonel spoke tolerantly, in passing, of some ^slight^ misapprehensions of Virginia life made by a delightful young writer, too early lost, Mr. Thackeray.

Tom Burton had never enjoyed an evening more, the romance, the pathos of it as he found himself more and more taking his grandfathers place in the mind of this hereditary friend waked all his sympathy. The charming talk that never dwelt too long or was hurried too fast, the exquisite ~~though~~ faded beauty of Madam ^Bellamy^ the noble dignity and manliness of the old planter and soldier: the perfect absence of ~~either~~ reproach for others or whining pity for themselves, made the knowledge of their regret and loss doubly poignant. Their four sons had all laid down

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their lives in what they believed from their hearts to be their country's service, their daughters had died early, one from sorrow at her husbands death and one from exposure in a forced flight across country: their ancestral home lay in ruins, their beloved cause had been put to shame and defeat, yet they could bow their heads to every blast of misfortune, and could make a man welcome at their table whose every instinct and tradition of loyalty made him their enemy. The owls might shriek from the chimneys of Fairford and the timid wild hares course up and down the weed grown avenues on an autumn night like this, but a welcome from the Bellamy's was a welcome still.

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It seemed to the young imaginative guest that the old motto of the house was never so full of significance as when he fancied it exchanged between the Colonel and himself, Southerner and Northerner, elder and younger ^man^, conquered and conqueror in an unhappy war. The two old portraits, with ^their^ warped frames and bullet holes faded and gleamed again [[in* *corrected*] the firelight, the portrait of an elderly man was like the Colonel himself -- but the woman, who was younger and who seemed to meet his eye gayly enough ~~now and then~~, bore a resemblance ~~to some known face~~ which he could only half recall. It was very late when the two men said good night. They were^ each^ conscious of

Note

[[in: The purpose of Jewett's bracket here is not clear.

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the great delight of having found a friend. [The *corrected*] candles had flickered out long before but the fire still ~~shone~~ ^burned^ and struck a ray of light from the cup on the table.

VI.*

The next morning ~~Thomas~~ Burton waked early in his tiny sleeping room. The fragrance of ripe grapes and the autumn air blew in at the window and he hastened to dress, especially as he could hear the footstep and imperious voice of Colonel Bellamy who seemed to begin his new day with zest and courage in the outer room. Milton the old gray headed negro was there

Note

VI: Before this Roman numeral is penciled in another hand: Hall. The numeral also is circled in pencil.

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too and was alternately upbraided and spoken with most intimately and with friendly approval. It sounded for a time as if some great excitement and project were on foot -- but Milton presently appeared eager for morning offices, and when Tom went out to join the Colonel he was no longer there. There [were *corrected*] no signs of breakfast -- the birds were singing in the trees outside, and the sun shone in through the wide opened door. It was a poor place in the morning light. As he crossed the room he saw an old fashioned ~~gilt cornered~~ gift book lying on the couch, as if some one had just laid it down face downward. He carried it with him to the door, a dull collection enough, from forgotten writers of forgotten

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prose and verse, but the Colonel had left it open at some lines which with all their faults could not be read without sympathy. He was always thinking of his wife: he had marked the four verses because they spoke of her --

"A heart that never thought to take
Only to give and give again
Now giving all, had but to break
To bear less woe with gentler pain*

"Like a lean tree whose fruit has dropped
Who gives her all to earth and time
The childless mother's wishes stopt --
She stood in patience all sublime.

"In her poor garden plot the rose
Puts out new blossoms with the morn.
Yet not unhappy 'mid her woes
Was she who made to bear, had borne."

Note

pain: Though the text speaks of 4 verses, only 3 appear here, and all of these have been deleted with several diagonal lines. In the earlier manuscript, no number of verses is specified, and these three appear in a different order. The first stanza there appears here last. And Jewett has made small changes in punctuation and wording.

No source for this poem has yet been located.

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Tom put the old book down just as Colonel Bellamy passed outside, and hastened to join him. [They *corrected*] met with pleasure and stood together talking. The elder man presently quoted a line or two of ~~verse~~ ^[deletion]^ ^poetry^ about the beauty of the autumn morning and his companion stood listening with ~~respectful~~ ^respectful^ attention but he observed by contrast the hard, warriorlike lines of the Colonel's face. He could well believe that until sorrow had softened him a fiery impatient temper had ruled this Southern heart. There was a sudden chatter and noise of voices, and they both turned to see a group of negroes small and great ~~with~~ coming across the

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lawn with bags and baskets and after a few ^muttered^ words the ^old^ master set forth hurriedly to meet them, Tom following. *

"Be still, all of you!" said the Colonel sternly. "Your mistress is still [asleep *corrected from*

sleeping]: go round to Milton and he will attend to you; I'll come presently." They were almost all old people, many of them were already infirm, and it was hard to still their requests and complaints. One of the smaller children clasped Colonel Bellamy about the knees, there was some^thing^ patriarchal in the scene and one could not ^help^ being sure that some reason of the present poverty of Fairford was the necessity for protecting these

Note

following: In the left margin before the next sentence, penciled in blue by another hand: (come).

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poor souls. The merry well-fed coloured people who were indulging [their late won liberty of travel on the trains [had *corrected*] evidently shirked ~~their~~ ^any^ responsibilities for [such *corrected*] stray remnants of humanity ~~as this~~. Slavery was its own provider for old age, there had ^once^ been no necessity for the slaves themselves to make provision for winter as even a squirrel must. They were worse than children now and far more appealing in their helplessness.

The group slowly departed and ~~the two gentlemen walked on in silence~~ {.} Colonel Bellamy led the way in the opposite direction toward the ruins of the great house. They crossed the ~~walled~~ ^old^ garden where some ancient espaliers still clung to the broken brick-work

Note

[their: There is a partial bracket here, possibly in pencil and in another hand, its meaning unclear.

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of the walls, and a little fruit still clung to the knotted branches -- while great hedges of box, ragged and uncared for, traced the old order of the walks. The heavy dew and warm morning sun brought out that antique fragrance -- the faint pungent odor ~~that~~ which wakes ~~ones~~ ^the^ utmost memories of the past. Tom Burton thought with a sudden thrill that ~~his~~ ^the^ ~~young lady~~ ^girl^ with the sweet eyes yesterday had worn a bit ^of box^ in her dress. Here and there under the straying boughs of the shrubbery there bloomed a late poppy from some scattered seed of which such old soil might well be full. It was a barren neglected garden enough but still full of charm and delight,

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being a garden. There was a fine fragrance of grapes through the undergrowth but the whole place was completely ruined -- a little snake slid from the broken base of a sun dial -- the tall chimneys of the house were al[ready be[ginning* to crumble and birds and squirrels lived in their crevices and flitted about their lofty tops. At some [deletion] distance an old negro was singing -- it ~~might~~ ^must^ have been Milton himself, still unbesought by his dependents, and the song was full of strange monotonous ~~wails~~ wails and plaintive cadences like a lament for war itself and all the misery that follows in its train.

Colonel Bellamy had not spoken for some moments but when they reached

Note

be[ginning: There is a partial bracket here, possibly in pencil and in another hand, its meaning unclear.

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the terrace which had been before the house there were two flights of stone steps that led to empty air, and these were still adorned by some graceful railings and balusters, bent and rusty and broken.

"You will observe this iron-work, sir," said the Colonel, stopping to regard with pride almost the only relic of the former beauty and state of Fairford. "My grandfather had the pattern carefully planned in Charleston, where such work was formerly well done by Frenchmen." He stopped to point out certain charming features of the design with his walking-stick, and then went on without a glance at the decaying chimneys or the

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weed-grown cellars and heaps of stones beneath.

The lovely October morning was more than half gone when Milton brought the horse round to the door and the moment came to say farewell. The Colonel had shown sincere eagerness that the visit should be prolonged for at least another day, but a reason for hurry which the young man hardly confessed to himself was urging him back along the way he had come. He was ready to forget his plans for shooting and wandering eastward on the river shore. ~~and for the first time his grandmothers frequent plea that he would think of marrying caused~~

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~~him no impatience in the remembrance~~.

He had paid a parting visit to Madam Bellamy in her own room, where she lay on a couch in the sunshine, and had seen the silver cup -- a lucky cup he devoutly hoped it might indeed be -- on a light stand by her side. It held a few small flowers, as if it had so been brought in to her in the early morning. Her eyes were dim with weeping. She had not thought of its age and history, neither did the sight of such pathetic loot wake bitter feelings against her foes. It was only the cup that her little children had used, one after another, in their babyhood; the last and dearest had kept it longest, and even he was dead,

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fallen in battle, like the rest.

She wore a hood and wrapping of black lace, which brought out the delicacy of her features like some quaint setting. Her hand trembled as she bade her young guest farewell. As he looked back from the doorway she was like some exiled queen in a peasant's lodging, such dignity and sweet patience were in her look. "I think you bring good fortune," she said. "Nothing can make me so happy as to have my husband find a little pleasure."

As the young man crossed the outer room the familiar eyes of the old portrait caught his own with wistful insistency. He suddenly suspected the double reason: he had been dreaming of other eyes, and knew that his fellow-traveler had kept him company. "Madam Bellamy," he said, turning back, and blushing as he bent to speak to her in a lower voice, "the portrait; is it like any one? is it like your granddaughter? Could I have seen her on my way here?"

Madam Bellamy looked up at his eager face with a light of unwonted pleasure in her eyes. "Yes," said she, "my granddaughter would have been on her way to Whitfields. She has always been thought extremely like the picture: it is her great-grandmother. Good-by; pray let us see you at Fairford again;" and they said farewell once more, while Tom Burton said something, half to himself, about the Christmas hunt, and a most lovely hope was in his heart.

"You have been most welcome," said the Colonel at parting. "I beg that you will be so kind as to repeat this visit. I shall hope that we may have some shooting together."

"I shall hope so too," answered Tom

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Burton, warmly -- then acting from sudden impulse he quickly unslung his gun and begged his old friend to keep it -- to use it at any rate until he came again. "I just remembered that I left ~~my~~ ^some^ cartridges on the table ~~in my room~~ where we looked at them yesterday." ~~he~~ he added.

The old Virginian did not reply for a moment. "Your grandfather would have done this ^sir^. I loved him and I take it from you both. My own gun is too poor a thing to offer in return." His voice shook -- it was the only approach to a lament, to a complaint, that he had made. ~~to his guest~~. Tom turned to make his adieux to Old Milton who stood by the horse. no other attendant had appeared and he suddenly understood that there was

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no other.

This was the moment of farewell and he held the old ~~Colonels~~ man's hand in a boyish eager grasp. " I wish that I might be like a son to you," he said. "I was not old enough to ^have^ really

known my father . . May I write to you sometimes and may I come to Fairford again. I wish that it were possible for you to come to Boston."

The Colonel's eyes flashed fire and he straightened himself fiercely "Boston!" he repeated with bitter scorn -- then his eyes ~~softened~~ faded and his whole figure looked drooped and old. "You must forgive me, my boy," he said. "I shall ^look^ for you coming again: we must think

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about the Christmas hunt.

Tom Burton rode slowly away and presently the fireless chimneys of Fairford were lost to sight behind the clustering trees. The noonday light was shining on the distant river, the road was untravelled and untenanted for miles together except by the Northern rider and his Southern steed.

Sarah O. Jewett

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note x slip 9*

As young Burton crossed the outer room the familiar eyes of the old portrait held him with wistful insistency. He had been dreaming of other eyes; [deletion] ^now^ he knew that they were, after all, the same; [the *corrected*] young fellow traveler ^had^ still kept him company. It flashed through his mind that she and the absent granddaughter* of madam Bellamy must be the same person. Should he ask? -- could he know? It was too late now but a lovely hope and happiness filled his heart.

Notes

9: This note at the top of the page is partially circled.

The A in "As" is underlined twice.

A version of this text appears on ms page 61.

John D. Adams to Sarah Orne Jewett -- 23 October 1894

Harper & Brothers' Editorial Rooms
Franklin Square, New York.

October 23d 1894

Dear Miss Jewett

Thank you for your kind note and your compliance with our request for shortening "A War Debt," unpleasant as it must have been to you.

Permit me also to express a strong liking for the story which seems to me to have all the qualities of a successful tale: sentiment, (though I believe sentiment is shunned now-a-days) proportion, distinctly drawn characters and sustained interest. You are also fortunate in the scene of the story and both Mr Alden* and I hope to have the pleasure of reading the sequel at which you hint.

Please find the proof you wish enclosed here.
Yours sincerely,
John D. Adams

To
Miss Sarah Orne Jewett.

Notes

Adams: Adams served as assistant editor under Henry Mills Alden at *Harper's Magazine* before beginning his own publishing business in 1896.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 1, item 2. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

The Harper's Magazine Text

About 7300 words

This text has numbered paragraphs in order to facilitate comparisons with the texts that appeared in the first and second printings of *The Life of Nancy*.

I.

1 There was a tinge of autumn color on even the English elms as Tom Burton walked slowly up Beacon Street. He was wondering all the way what he had better do with himself; it was far too early to settle down in Boston for the winter, but his grandmother kept to her old date for moving up to town, and here they were. As yet nobody thought of braving the country weather long after October came in, and most country houses were poorly equipped with fireplaces, or even furnaces: this was some years ago, and not the very last autumn that ever was.

2 There was likely to be a long stretch of good weather, a month at least, if one took the trouble to go a little way to the southward. Tom Burton quickened his steps a little, and began to think definitely of his guns, while a sudden resolve took shape in his mind. Just then he reached the door-steps of his grandmother's fine old-fashioned house, being himself the fourth Thomas Burton that the shining brass door-plate had represented. His old grandmother was the only near relative he had in the world; she was growing older and more dependent upon him every day. That summer he had returned from a long wandering absence of three years, and the vigorous elderly woman whom he had left, busy and self-reliant, had sadly changed in the mean time; age had begun to strike telling blows at her strength and spirits. Tom had no idea of leaving her again for the long journeys which had become the delightful habit of his life; but there was no reason why he should not take a fortnight's holiday now and then, particularly now.

3 "Has Mrs. Burton come down yet, Dennis? Is there any one with her?" asked Tom, as he entered.

4 "There is not, sir. Mrs. Burton is in the drawing-room," answered Dennis, precisely. "The tea is just going up; I think she was waiting for you." And Tom ran up stairs like a school-boy, and then walked discreetly into the drawing-room. His grandmother gave no sign of having expected him, but she always liked company at that hour of the day: there had come to be too many ghosts in the empty chairs.

5 "Can I have two cups?" demanded the grandson, cheerfully. "I don't know when I have had such a walk!" and they began a gay gossiping hour together, and parted for a short season afterward, only to meet again at dinner, with a warm sense of pleasure in each other's company. The young man always insisted that his grandmother was the most charming woman in the world, and it can be imagined what the grandmother thought of Tom. She was only severe with him because he had given no signs of wishing to marry, but she was tolerant of all delay, so long as she could now and then keep the subject fresh in his mind. It was not a moment to speak again of the great question that afternoon, and she had sat and listened to his talk of people and things, a little plaintive and pale, but very handsome, behind the tea table.

II.

6 At dinner, after Dennis had given Tom his cup of coffee and cigars, and disappeared with an accustomed air of thoughtfully leaving the family alone for a private interview, Mrs. Burton, who sometimes lingered if she felt like talking, and sometimes went away to the drawing-room to take a brief nap before she began her evening book, and before Tom joined her for a few minutes to say good-night if he were going out -- Mrs. Burton left her chair more hurriedly than usual. Tom meant to be at home that evening, and was all ready to speak of his plan for some Southern shooting, and he felt a sudden sense of disappointment.

7 "Don't go away," he said, looking up as she passed. "Is this a bad cigar?"

8 "No, no, my dear," said the old lady, hurrying across the room in an excited, unusual sort of way. "I wish to show you something while we are by ourselves." And she stooped to unlock a little cupboard in the great sideboard, and fumbled in the depths there, upsetting and clanking among some pieces of silver. Tom joined her with a pair of candles, but it was some

moments before she could find what she wanted. Mrs. Burton appeared to be in a hurry, which almost never happened, and in trying to help her Tom dropped much wax unheeded at her side.

9 "Here it is at last," she said, and went back to her seat at the table. "I ought to tell you the stories of some old silver that I keep in that cupboard; if I were to die, nobody would know anything about them."

10 "Do you mean the old French spoons, and the prince's porringer, and those things?" asked Tom, showing the most lively interest. But his grandmother was busy unfastening the strings of a little bag, and shook her head absently in answer to his question. She took out and handed to him a quaint old silver cup with two handles, that he could not remember ever to have seen.

11 "What a charming old bit!" said he, turning it about. "Where in the world did it come from? English, of course; and it looks like a loving-cup. A copy of some old Oxford thing, perhaps; only they didn't copy much then. I should think it had been made for a child." Tom turned it round and round and drew the candles toward him. "Here's an inscription, too, but very much worn."

12 "Put it down a minute," said Mrs. Burton, impatiently. "Every time I have thought of it I have been more and more ashamed to have it in the house. People weren't so shocked by such things at first; they would only be sentimental about the ruined homes, and say that, 'after all, it was the fortune of war.' That cup was stolen."

13 "But who stole it?" inquired Tom, with deep interest.

15 "Your father brought it here," said Mrs. Burton, with great spirit, and even a tone of reproach. "My son, Tom Burton, your father, brought it home from the war. I think his plan was to keep it safe to send back to the people who owned it. But he left it when he was ordered suddenly to the front; he was only at home four days, and the day after he got back to camp was the day he was killed, poor boy --"

15 "I remember something about it now," Tom hastened to say. "I remember my mother's talking about the breaking up of Southern homes, and all that; she never believed it until she saw the cup, and I thought it was awfully silly. I was at the age when I could have banged our own house to pieces just for the sake of the racket."

16 "And that terrible year your grandfather's and your mother's death followed, and I was left alone with you -- two of us out of the five that had made my home --"

17 "I should say one and a half," insisted Tom, with some effort. "What a boy I was for a grandson! Thank Heaven, there comes a time when we are all the same age! We are jolly together now, aren't we? Come, dear old lady, don't let's think too much of what's gone by" -- and he went round the table and gave her a kiss, and stood there where she need not look him in the face, holding her dear thin hand as long as ever she liked.

18 "I want you to take that silver cup back, Tom," she said, presently, in her usual tone. "Go back and finish your coffee." She had seldom broken down like this. Mrs. Burton had been self-possessed, even to apparent coldness, in earlier life.

19 "How in the world am I going to take it back?" asked Tom, most businesslike and calm. "Do you really know just where it came from? And then it was several years ago."

20 "Your grandfather knew; they were Virginia people, of course, and happened to be old friends; one of the younger men was his own classmate. He knew the crest and motto at once, but there were two or three branches of the family, none of them, so far as he knew, living anywhere near where your father was in camp. Poor Tom said that there was a beautiful old house sacked and burnt, and everything scattered that was saved. He happened to hear a soldier from another regiment talking about it, and saw him tossing this cup about, and bought it from him with all the money he happened to have in his pocket."

21 "Then he didn't really steal it himself!" exclaimed Tom, laughing a little, and with a sense of relief.

22 "No, no, Tom!" said Mrs. Burton, impatiently. "Only you see that it really is a stolen thing, and I have had it all this time under my roof. For a long time it was packed away with your father's war relics, those things that I couldn't bear to see. And then I would think of it only at night after I had once seen it, and forget to ask any one else while you were away, or wait for you to come. Oh, I have no excuse. I

have been very careless, but here it has been all the time. I wish you would find out about the people; there must be some one belonging to them -- some friend, perhaps, to whom we could give it. It is one of the things that I wish to have done at last, and to forget. Just take it back, or write some letters first: you know what to do. I should like to have the people understand."

23 "I'll see about it at once," said Tom, with great zest. "I believe you couldn't have spoken at a better time. I have been thinking of going down to Virginia this very week. I hear that they are in a hurry with fitting out that new scientific expedition in Washington that I declined to join, and they want me to come on and talk over things before they are off. One of the men is a Virginian, an awfully good fellow; and then there's Clendennin, you know, my old chum, who's in Washington too just now; they'll give me my directions; they know all Virginia between them. I'll take the cup along, and run down from Washington for a few days, and perhaps get some shooting."

24 Tom's face was shining with interest and satisfaction; he took the cup and again held it under the candle-light. "How pretty this old chasing is round the edge and the set of the little handles! Oh, here's the motto! What a dear old thing, and enormously old! See here under the crest," and he held it toward Mrs. Burton:

25 "*Je vous en prie Bel-ami*."

26 Mrs. Burton glanced at it with indifference. "Yes, it is charming, as you say. But I only wish to return it to its owners, Tom."

27 "*Je vous en prie Bel-ami*."

28 Tom repeated the words under his breath, and looked at the crest carefully.

29 "I remember that your grandfather said it belonged to the Bellamys," said his grandmother. "Of course: how could I forget that? I have never looked at it properly since the day I first saw it. It is a charming motto -- they were very charming and distinguished people. I suppose this is a pretty way of saying that they could not live without their friends. I beg of you, Bel-ami -- it is a quaint fancy; one might turn it in two or three pretty ways."

30 "Or they may have meant that they only looked to themselves for what they wanted, *Je vous en prie Bellamy*!" said Tom, gallantly. "All right; I think that I shall start to-morrow or next day. If you have no special plans," he added.

31 "Do go, my dear; you may get some shooting, as you say," said Mrs. Burton, a little wistfully, but kindly personifying Tom's inclination.

32 "You've started me off on a fine romantic adventure," said the young man. "Come; my cigar's gone out, and it never was good for much; let's go in and try the cards, and talk about things; perhaps you'll think of something more about the Bellamys. You said that my grandfather had a classmate --"

33 Mrs. Burton stopped to put the cup into its chamois bag again, and handed it solemnly to Tom, then she took his arm, and dismissing all unpleasant thoughts, they sat down to the peaceful game of cribbage to while away the time. The grandson lent himself gayly to pleasure-making, and they were just changing the cards for their books, when one of the elder friends of the house appeared, one of the two or three left who called Mrs. Burton Margaret, and was greeted affectionately as Henry in return. This guest always made the dear lady feel young; he himself was always to the front of things, and had much to say. It was quite forgotten that a last charge had been given to Tom, or that the past had been wept over. Presently, the late evening hours always being her best, she forgot in eager talk that she had any grandson at all, and Tom slipped away with his book to his own sitting-room and his pipe. He took the little cup out of its bag again, and set it before him, and began to lay plans for a Southern journey.

III.

34 The Virginia country was full of golden autumn sunshine and blue haze. The long hours spent on a slow-moving train were full of shocks and surprises to a young traveler who knew almost every civilized country better than his own. The lonely look of the fields, the trees shattered by war, which had not yet had time enough to muffle their broken tops with green; the negroes, who crowded on board the train, lawless, and unequal to holding their liberty with steady hands, looked poor and less respectable than in the old plantation days -- it was as if the long discipline of their former state had counted for nothing. Tom Burton felt himself for the first

time to have something of a statesman's thoughts and schemes as he moralized along the way. Presently he noticed with deep sympathy a lady who came down the crowded car, and took the seat just in front of him. She carried a magazine under her arm -- a copy of *Blackwood*, which was presently proved to bear the date of 1851, and to be open at an article on the death of Wordsworth. She was the first lady he had seen that day -- there was little money left for journeying and pleasure among the white Virginians; but at two or three stations after this a group of young English men and women stood with the gay negroes on the platform, and came into the train with cheerful greetings to their friends. It seemed as if England had begun to settle Virginia all over again, and their clear, lively voices had no foreign sound. There were going to be races at some court-house town in the neighborhood. Burton was a great lover of horses himself, and the new scenes grew more and more interesting. In one of the gay groups was a different figure from any of the fresh-cheeked young wives of the English planters -- a slender girl, pale and spirited, with a look of care beyond her years. She was the queen of her little company. It was to her that every one looked for approval and sympathy as the laugh went to and fro. There was something so high-bred and elegant in her bearing, something so exquisitely sure and stately, that her companions were made clumsy and rustic in their looks by contrast. The eager talk of the coming races, of the untried thoroughbreds, the winners and losers of the year before, made more distinct this young Virginia lady's own look of high-breeding, and emphasized her advantage of race. She was the new and finer Norman among Saxons. She alone seemed to have that possibility of swiftness of mind, of sureness of training. It was the highest type of English civilization refined still further by long growth in favoring soil. Tom Burton read her unconscious face as if it were a romance; he believed that one of the great Virginia houses must still exist, and that she was its young mistress. The house's fortune was no doubt gone; the long-worn and carefully mended black silk gown that followed the lines of her lovely figure told plainly enough that worldly prosperity was a thing of the past. But what nature could give of its best, and only age and death could take away, were hers. He watched her more and more; at one moment she glanced up suddenly and held his eyes with hers for one revealing moment. There was no surprise in the look, but a confession of pathos, a recognition of sympathy, which made even a stranger feel that he had the inmost secret of her heart.

IV.

35 The next day our hero, having hired a capital saddle-horse, a little the worse for age, was finding his way eastward along the sandy roads. The country was full of color; the sassafras and gum trees and oaks were all ablaze with red and yellow. Now and then he caught a glimpse of a sail on one of the wide reaches of the river which lay to the northward; now and then he passed a broken gateway or the ruins of a cabin. He carried a light gun before him across the saddle, and a game-bag hung slack and empty at his shoulder except for a single plump partridge in one corner, which had whirred up at the right moment out of a vine-covered thicket. Something small and heavy in his coat pocket seemed to correspond to the bird, and once or twice he unconsciously lifted it in the hollow of his hand. The day itself, and a sense of being on the road to fulfill his mission, a sense of unending leisure and satisfaction under that lovely hazy sky, seemed to leave no place for impatience or thought of other things. He rode slowly along, with his eye on the road-side coverts, letting the horse take his own gait, except when a ragged negro boy on an unwilling heavy-footed mule slyly approached and struck the dallying steed from behind. It was past the middle of the October afternoon.

36 "'Mos' thar now, Cun'l," said the boy at last, eagerly. "See them busted trees pas' thar, an' chimblies? You tu'n down nax' turn; ride smart piece yet, an' you come right front of ol' Mars Bell'my's house. See, he comin' 'long de road now. Yas, 'tis Mars Bell'my shore, an' 's gun."

37 Tom had been looking across the neglected fields with compassion, and wondering if such a plantation could ever be brought back to its days of prosperity. As the boy spoke he saw the tall chimneys in the distance, and then, a little way before him in the shadow of some trees, a stately figure that slowly approached. He hurriedly dismounted, leading his horse until he met the tall old man, who answered his salutation with much dignity. There was something royal and remote from ordinary men in his silence after the first words of courteous speech.

38 "Yas, sir; that's Mars Bell'my, sir," whispered the boy on the mule, reassuringly, and the moment of hesitation was happily ended.

39 "I was on my way to call upon you, Colonel Bellamy; my name is Burton," said the younger man.

40 "Will you come with me to the house?" said the old gentleman, putting out his hand cordially a second time; and though he had frowned slightly at first at the unmistakable Northern accent, the light came quickly to his eyes. Tom gave his horse's bridle to the boy, who promptly transferred himself to the better saddle, and began to lead the mule instead.

41 "I have been charged with an errand of friendship," said Tom. "I believe that you and my grandfather were at Harvard together." Tom looked boyish and eager and responsive to hospitality at this moment. He was straight and trim, like a Frenchman. Colonel Bellamy was much the taller of the two, even with his bent shoulders and relaxed figure.

42 "I see the resemblance to your grandfather, sir. I bid you welcome to Fairford," said the Colonel. "Your visit is a great kindness."

43 They walked on together, speaking ceremoniously of the season and of the shooting and Tom's journey, until they left the woods and overgrown avenue at the edge of what had once been a fine lawn, with clusters of huge oaks; but these were shattered by war and more or less ruined. The lopped trunks still showed the marks of fire and shot; some had put out a fresh bough or two, but most of the ancient trees stood for their own monuments, rain-bleached and gaunt. At the other side of the wide lawn, against young woodland and a glimpse of the river, were the four great chimneys which had been seen from the highroad. There was no dwelling in sight at the moment, and Tom stole an apprehensive look at the grave face of his companion. It appeared as if he were being led to the habitation of ghosts, as if he were purposely to be confronted with the desolation left in the track of Northern troops. It was not so long since the great war that these things could be forgotten.

44 The Colonel, however, without noticing the ruins in any way, turned toward the right as he neared them, and passing a high fragment of brick wall topped by a marble ball or two -- which had been shot at for marks -- and passing, just beyond, some huge clumps of box, they came to a square brick building with a rude wooden addition at one side, and saw some tumble-down sheds a short distance beyond, with a negro cabin.

45 They came to the open door. "This was formerly the billiard-room. Your grandfather would have kept many memories of it," said the host, simply. "Will you go in, Mr. Burton?" And Tom climbed two or three perilous wooden steps and entered, to find himself in a most home-like and charming place. There was a huge fireplace opposite the door, with a thin whiff of blue smoke going up, a few old books on the high chimney-piece, a pair of fine portraits with damaged frames, some old tables and chairs of different patterns, with a couch by the square window covered with a piece of fine tapestry folded together and still showing its beauty, however raveled and worn. By the opposite window, curtained only by vines, sat a lady with her head hooded in lace, who greeted the guest pleasantly, and begged pardon for not rising from her chair. Her face wore an unmistakable look of pain and sorrow. As Tom Burton stood at her side, he could find nothing to say in answer to her apologies. He was not wont to be abashed, and a real court could not affect him like this ideal one. The poor surroundings could only be seen through the glamour of their owner's presence -- it seemed a most elegant interior.

46 "I am sorry to have the inconvenience of deafness," said Madam Bellamy, looking up with an anxious little smile. "Will you tell me again the name of our guest?"

47 "He is my old classmate Burton's grandson, of Boston," said the Colonel, who now stood close at her side; he looked apprehensive as he spoke, and the same shadow flitted over his face as when Tom had announced himself by the oak at the road-side.

48 "I remember Mr. Burton, your grandfather, very well," said Madam Bellamy at last, giving Tom her hand for the second time, as her husband had done. "He was your guest here the autumn before we were married, my dear; a fine rider, I remember, and a charming gentleman. He was much entertained by one of our hunts. I saw that you also carried a gun. My dear," and she turned to her husband anxiously, "did you bring home any birds?"

49 Colonel Bellamy's face lengthened. "I had scarcely time, or perhaps I had not my usual good fortune," said he. "The birds have followed the grain-fields away from Virginia, we sometimes think."

50 "I can offer you a partridge," said Tom, eagerly. "I shot one as I rode along. I am afraid that I stopped Colonel Bellamy just as he was going out."

51 "I thank you very much," said Madam Bellamy. "And you will take supper with us, certainly. You will give us the pleasure of a visit. I regret very much my granddaughter's absence, but it permits me to offer you her room, which happens to be vacant." But Tom attempted to make excuse. "No, no," said Madam Bellamy, answering her own thoughts rather than his words. "You must certainly stay the night with us; we shall make you most welcome. It will give my husband great pleasure; he will have many questions to ask you."

52 Tom went out to search for his attendant, who presently clattered away on the mule at an excellent homeward pace. An old negro man servant led away the horse, and Colonel Bellamy disappeared also, leaving the young guest to entertain himself and his hostess for an hour, that flew by like light. A woman who is charming in youth is still more charming in age to a man of Tom Burton's imagination, and he was touched to find how quickly the first sense of receiving an antagonist had given way before a desire to show their feeling of kindly hospitality toward a guest. The links of ancient friendship still held strong, and as Tom sat with his hostess by the window they had much pleasant talk of Northern families known to them both, of whom, or of whose children and grandchildren, he could give much news. It seemed as if he should have known Madam Bellamy all his life. It is impossible to say how she illuminated her poor habitation, with what dignity and sweetness she avoided, as far as possible, any reference to the war or its effects. One could not remember that she was poor, or ill, or had suffered such piteous loss of friends and fortune.

53 Later, when Tom was walking toward the river through the woods and over-grown fields of the plantation, he came upon the ruins of the old cabins of what must have been a great family of slaves. The crumbling heaps of the chimneys stood in long lines on either side of a weed-grown lane; not far beyond he found the sinking mounds of some breastworks on a knoll which commanded the river channel. The very trees and grass looked harrowed and distressed by war; the silence of the sunset was only broken by the cry of a little owl that was begging mercy of its fears far down the lonely shore.

V.

54 At supper that night Burton came from his room to find Colonel Bellamy bringing his wife in his arms to the table, while the old bent-backed and gray-headed manservant followed to place her chair. The mistress of Fairford was entirely lame and helpless, but she sat at the head of her table like a queen. There was a bunch of damask-roses at her plate. The Colonel himself was in evening dress, antique in cut, and sadly worn, and Tom heartily thanked his patron saint that the boy had brought his portmanteau in good season. There was a glorious light in the room from the fire, and the table was served with exquisite care, and even more luxurious delay, the excellent fish which the Colonel himself must have caught in his unexplained absence, and Tom's own partridge, which was carved as if it had been the first wild turkey of the season, were followed by a few peaches touched with splendid color as they lay on a handful of leaves in a bent and dented pewter plate. There seemed to be no use for the stray glasses, until old Milton produced a single small bottle of beer, and uncorked and poured it for his master and his master's guest with a grand air. The Colonel lifted his eyebrows slightly, but accepted its appearance at the proper moment.

55 They sat long at table. It was impossible to let one's thought dwell upon any of the meagre furnishings of the feast. The host and hostess talked of the days when they went often to France and England, and of Tom's grandfather when he was young. At last Madam Bellamy left the table, and Tom stood waiting while she was carried to her own room. He had kissed her hand like a courtier as he said good-night. On the Colonel's return the old butler ostentatiously placed the solitary bottle between them and went away. The Colonel offered some excellent tobacco, and Tom begged leave to fetch his pipe. When he returned he brought with it the chamois-skin bag that held the silver cup, and laid it before him on the table. It was like the dread of going into battle, but the moment had arrived. He laid his hand on the cup for a moment as if to hide it, then he waited until his pipe was fairly going.

56 "This is something which I have come to restore to you, sir," said Tom, presently, taking the piece of silver from its wrappings. "I believe that it is your property."

57 The old Colonel's face wore a strange, alarmed look; his thin cheeks grew crimson. He reached eagerly for the cup, and held it before his eyes. At last he bent his head and kissed it. Tom Burton saw that his tears began to fall, that he half rose, turning toward the door of the next room, where his wife was; then he sank back again, and looked at his guest appealingly.

58 "I ask no questions," he faltered; "it was the fortune of war. This cup was my grandfather's, my father's, and mine; all my own children drank from it in turn; they are all gone before me. We always called it our lucky cup. I fear that it has come back too late" -- The old man's voice broke, but he still held the shining piece of silver before him, and turned it about in the candle-light.

59 "*Je vous en prie Bel-ami*," he whispered under his breath, and put the cup before him on the scarred mahogany.

VI.

60 "Shall we move our chairs before the fire, Mr. Burton? My dear wife is but frail," said the old man, after a long silence, and with touching pathos. "She sees me companioned for the evening, and is glad to seek her room early; if you were not here she would insist upon our game of cards. I do not allow myself to dwell upon the past, and I have no wish for gay company;" he added, in a lower voice, "My daily dread in life is to be separated from her."

61 As the evening wore on, the autumn air grew chilly, and again and again the host replenished his draughty fireplace, and pushed the box of delicious tobacco toward his guest, and Burton in his turn ventured to remember a flask in his portmanteau, and begged the Colonel to taste it, since it had been filled from an old cask in his grandfather's cellar. The old butler's eyes shone with satisfaction when he was unexpectedly called upon to brew a little punch after the old Fairford fashion, and the later talk ranged along the youthful escapades of Thomas Burton the elder to the beauties and the style of Addison, from the latest improvement in shot-guns to the statesmanship of Thomas Jefferson, while the Colonel spoke tolerantly, in passing, of some slight misapprehensions of Virginia life made by a delightful young writer, too early lost -- Mr. Thackeray.

62 Tom Burton had never enjoyed an evening more; the romance, the pathos of it, as he found himself more and more taking his grandfather's place in the mind of this hereditary friend, waked all his sympathy. The charming talk that never dwelt too long or was hurried too fast, the exquisite faded beauty of Madam Bellamy, the noble dignity and manliness of the old planter and soldier, the perfect absence of reproach for others or whining pity for themselves, made the knowledge of their regret and loss doubly poignant. Their four sons had all laid down their lives in what they believed from their hearts to be their country's service; their daughters had died early, one from sorrow at her husband's death, and one from exposure in a forced flight across country; their ancestral home lay in ruins; their beloved cause had been put to shame and defeat -- yet they could bow their heads to every blast of misfortune, and could make a man welcome at their table whose every instinct and tradition of loyalty made him their enemy. The owls might shriek from the chimneys of Fairford, and the timid wild hares course up and down the weed-grown avenues on an autumn night like this, but a welcome from the Bellamys was a welcome still. It seemed to the young imaginative guest that the old motto of the house was never so full of significance as when he fancied it exchanged between the Colonel and himself, Southerner and Northerner, elder and younger man, conquered and conqueror in an unhappy war. The two old portraits, with their warped frames and bullet holes, faded and gleamed again in the firelight; the portrait of an elderly man was like the Colonel himself, but the woman, who was younger, and who seemed to meet Tom's eye gayly enough, bore a resemblance which he could only half recall. It was very late when the two men said good-night. They were each conscious of the great delight of having found a friend. The candles had flickered out long before, but the fire still burned, and struck a ray of light from the cup on the table.

VII.

63 The next morning Burton waked early in his tiny sleeping-room. The fragrance of ripe grapes and the autumn air blew in at the window, and he hastened to dress, especially as he could hear the footstep and imperious voice of Colonel Bellamy, who seemed to begin his

new day with zest and courage in the outer room. Milton, the old gray-headed negro, was there too, and was alternately upbraided and spoken with most intimately and with friendly approval. It sounded for a time as if some great excitement and project were on foot; but Milton presently appeared eager for morning offices, and when Tom went out to join the Colonel he was no longer there. There were no signs of breakfast. The birds were singing in the trees outside, and the sun shone in through the wide-opened door. It was a poor place in the morning light. As he crossed the room he saw an old-fashioned gift-book lying on the couch, as if some one had just laid it there face downward. He carried it with him to the door: a dull collection enough, from forgotten writers of forgotten prose and verse, but the Colonel had left it open at some lines which, with all their faults, could not be read without sympathy. He was always thinking of his wife; he had marked the four verses because they spoke of her.

64 Tom put the old book down just as Colonel Bellamy passed outside, and hastened to join him. They met with pleasure, and stood together talking. The elder man presently quoted a line or two of poetry about the beauty of the autumn morning, and his companion stood listening with respectful attention, but he observed by contrast the hard, warriorlike lines of the Colonel's face. He could well believe that, until sorrow had softened him, a fiery impatient temper had ruled this Southern heart. There was a sudden chatter and noise of voices, and they both turned to see a group of negroes, small and great, coming across the lawn with bags and baskets, and after a few muttered words the old master set forth hurriedly to meet them, Tom following.

65 "Be still, all of you!" said the Colonel, sternly. "Your mistress is still asleep. Go round to Milton, and he will attend to you. I'll come presently."

66 They were almost all old people, many of them were already infirm, and it was hard to still their requests and complaints. One of the smaller children clasped Colonel Bellamy about the knees. There was something patriarchal in the scene, and one could not help being sure that some reason for the present poverty of Fairford was the necessity for protecting these poor souls. The merry, well-fed colored people, who were indulging their late-won liberty of travel on the trains, had evidently shirked any responsibilities for such stray remnants of humanity. Slavery was its own provider for old age. There had once been no necessity for the slaves themselves to make provision for winter, as even a squirrel must. They were worse than children now, and far more appealing in their helplessness.

67 The group slowly departed, and Colonel Bellamy led the way in the opposite direction, toward the ruins of the great house. They crossed the old garden, where some ancient espaliers still clung to the broken brick-work of the walls, and a little fruit still clung to the knotted branches, while great hedges of box, ragged and uncared-for, traced the old order of the walks. The heavy dew and warm morning sun brought out that antique fragrance -- the faint pungent odor which wakes the utmost memories of the past. Tom Burton thought with a sudden thrill that the girl with the sweet eyes yesterday had worn a bit of box in her dress. Here and there, under the straying boughs of the shrubbery, there bloomed a late poppy from some scattered seed of which such old soil might well be full. It was a barren, neglected garden enough, but still full of charm and delight, being a garden. There was a fine fragrance of grapes through the undergrowth, but the whole place was completely ruined; a little snake slid from the broken base of a sun-dial; the tall chimneys of the house were already beginning to crumble, and birds and squirrels lived in their crevices and flitted about their lofty tops. At some distance an old negro was singing -- it must have been Milton himself, still unbesought by his dependents -- and the song was full of strange monotonous wails and plaintive cadences, like a lament for war itself, and all the misery that follows in its train.

68 Colonel Bellamy had not spoken for some moments, but when they reached the terrace which had been before the house there were two flights of stone steps that led to empty air, and these were still adorned by some graceful railings and balusters, bent and rusty and broken.

69 "You will observe this iron-work, sir," said the Colonel, stopping to regard with pride almost the only relic of the former beauty and state of Fairford. "My grandfather had the pattern carefully planned in Charleston, where such work was formerly well done by Frenchmen." He stopped to point out certain charming features of the design with his walking-stick, and then went

on without a glance at the decaying chimneys or the weed-grown cellars and heaps of stones beneath.

70 The lovely October morning was more than half gone when Milton brought the horse round to the door and the moment came to say farewell. The Colonel had shown sincere eagerness that the visit should be prolonged for at least another day, but a reason for hurry which the young man hardly confessed to himself was urging him back along the way he had come. He was ready to forget his plans for shooting and wandering eastward on the river shore. He had paid a parting visit to Madam Bellamy in her own room, where she lay on a couch in the sunshine, and had seen the silver cup -- a lucky cup he devoutly hoped it might indeed be -- on a light stand by her side. It held a few small flowers, as if it had so been brought in to her in the early morning. Her eyes were dim with weeping. She had not thought of its age and history, neither did the sight of such pathetic loot wake bitter feelings against her foes. It was only the cup that her little children had used, one after another, in their babyhood; the last and dearest had kept it longest, and even he was dead -- fallen in battle, like the rest.

71 She wore a hood and wrapping of black lace, which brought out the delicacy of her features like some quaint setting. Her hand trembled as she bade her young guest farewell. As he looked back from the doorway she was like some exiled queen in a peasant's lodging, such dignity and sweet patience were in her look. "I think you bring good fortune," she said. "Nothing can make me so happy as to have my husband find a little pleasure."

72 As the young man crossed the outer room the familiar eyes of the old portrait caught his own with wistful insistency. He suddenly suspected the double reason: he had been dreaming of other eyes, and knew that his fellow-traveler had kept him company. "Madam Bellamy," he said, turning back, and blushing as he bent to speak to her in a lower voice, "the portrait; is it like any one? is it like your granddaughter? Could I have seen her on my way here?"

73 Madam Bellamy looked up at his eager face with a light of unwonted pleasure in her eyes. "Yes," said she, "my granddaughter would have been on her way to Whitfields. She has always been thought extremely like the picture: it is her great-grandmother. Good-by; pray let us see you at Fairford again;" and they said farewell once more, while Tom Burton said something, half to himself, about the Christmas hunt, and a most lovely hope was in his heart.

74 "You have been most welcome," said the Colonel at parting. "I beg that you will be so kind as to repeat this visit. I shall hope that we may have some shooting together."

75 "I shall hope so too," answered Tom Burton, warmly. Then, acting from sudden impulse, he quickly unslung his gun, and begged his old friend to keep it -- to use it, at any rate, until he came again.

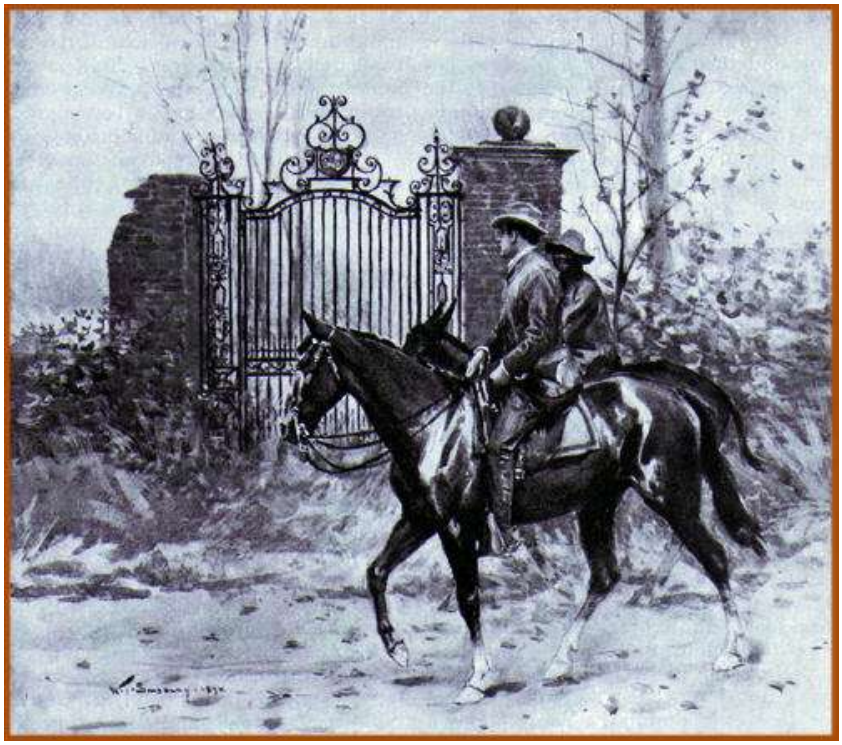
76 The old Virginian did not reply for a moment. "Your grandfather would have done this, sir. I loved him, and I take it from you both. My own gun is too poor a thing to offer in return." His voice shook; it was the only approach to a lament, to a complaint, that he had made.

77 Tom Burton rode slowly away, and presently the fireless chimneys of Fairford were lost to sight behind the clustering trees. The noonday light was shining on the distant river; the road was untravelled and untenanted for miles together, except by the Northern rider and his Southern steed.

Harper's Illustrations for "A War Debt"

The illustrator is William Thomas Smedley (1858-1920). Born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, Smedley studied in Philadelphia, New York, and Paris. He worked as an engraver and illustrator, travelling widely to collect images. (Source: *Mantle Fielding's Dictionary of American Painters, Sculptors, and Engravers*). Among the best reproductions of his work available at this site are his illustrations for "The Flight of Betsey Lane" in *A Native of Winby*.

She always liked company at that hour of the day."



"'Mos thar now."

"He reached eagerly for the cup."

John Howard Wills to Sarah Orne Jewett -- 20 January 1895

Ala. Polytechnic Institute
Auburn, Ala. Jan 20, 1895

Miss Sarah Orne Jewett,
Care of Harper & Brothers,
New York.

Dear Madam,

Permit me as a native born Virginian and in behalf of a little colony of Virginians thrown together by the whirligig of time in this almost deserted village to thank you for your story -- A War Debt -- in the January Harper's. I do not know when I have been more pleased and touched than I was by this just and deserved tribute to the old time Southern lady and gentleman. That this compliment is from a Northern source adds to its charm and renders it more graceful and pleasing. I can not but hope that you will shortly allow the agreeable hero to meet the lady who was "the queen of her little company" and that we may be permitted to be present.

Very sincerely,

John Howard Wills
Lieutenant U.S. Army.

Notes

Almost certainly the author was Lt. John Howard Wills (1857-1896). See Find a Grave.

The ms. of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: bMS Am 1743 (239). Transcription and notes by Terry Heller, Coe College.

Changes between *Harper's* and *The Life of Nancy.*

This table of differences identifies Jewett's changes between the *Harper's* text and the first printing of *The Life of Nancy*.

The text that appears in the 2nd printing of *The Life of Nancy* varies from the 1st printing only at the end. The following table shows the other revisions Jewett made as she prepared the *Harper's* text for the first printing of *The Life of Nancy*. The above copy of the *Harper's* version has numbered paragraphs to ease locating and examining Jewett's revisions.

Para.#	*Harper's* Text	*The Life of Nancy* First Printing - 1895
4	answered Dennis, precisely	answered Dennis precisely
.	up stairs ... school-boy	upstairs ... schoolboy
5	the tea table	the tea-table
6	were going out --	were going out, --
12	Mrs. Burton, impatiently.	Mrs. Burton impatiently.
14	back to the people who owned it. But he left it when he	back to the owners. But he left it with your mother when he
.	poor boy --"	poor boy" --
15	could have banged our	could have blown our
16	made my home --"	made my home" --
17	what's gone by" -- and he	what's gone by;" and he
18	she said, presently, in	she said presently, in
21	in his pocket."	in his pockets."
22	said Mrs. Burton, impatiently.	said Mrs. Burton impatiently.
.	It is one of the things ... to have done,	This is one of the things ... done at last,
.	you know what to do	you will know what to do
23	there's Clendennin, you know, my old chum, who's in Washington too just now,	there's Clendennin, my old chum, who's in Washington, too, just now,
24	round the edge and the set	round the edge, and the set
.	See here under the crest,"	See here, under the crest,"
29	I beg of you, Bel-ami -- it is a quaint fancy	I beg of you, Bel-ami; -- it is a quaint fancy
30	said Tom, gallantly.	said Tom gallantly.
32	said the young man.	said the young man, smiling.

.	had a classmate -"	had a classmate" -
33	evening hours always being her best	evening hours being always her best
34	*Blackwood*	"Blackwood"
.	but at two or three stations after this	but two or three stations beyond this
.	She was the new and finer Norman ... seemed to have that possibility of swiftness	She was the newer and finer Norman ... seemed to have that inheritance of swiftness
35	ragged negro boy on an unwilling heavy-footed mule	ragged negro boy, on an unwilling, heavy-footed mule
36	the road-side coverts, ... on an unwilling heavy-footed mule slyly	the roadside coverts, ... on an unwilling, heavy-footed mule, slyly
44	short distance beyond, with	short distance beyond this, with
45	said the host, simply.	said the host simply.
.	most home-like and charming	most homelike and charming
.	head hooded in lace	head muffled in lace
47	oak at the road-side	oak at the roadside
50	said Tom, eagerly	said Tom eagerly
51	the pleasure of a visit.	the pleasure of a visit?
52	she illuminated her poor	she illumined her poor
.	One could not remember	One could hardly remember
53	woods and over-grown fields	woods and overgrown fields
54	gray-headed manservant followed	gray-headed man servant followed
56	said Tom, presently,	said Tom presently,
58	back too late --"	back too late" --
59	"*Je vous en prie Bel-ami*,"	"*Je vous en prie Bel-ami*."
61	taste it, since it had	taste it, because it had
.	The old butler's eyes	The butler's eyes
.	the style of Addison, from	the style of Addison; from
62	frames and bullet holes,	frames and bullet-holes,
63	Milton presently appeared eager	Milton presently appeared, eager
.	to the door: a dull collection	to the door; a dull collection
65	said the Colonel, sternly.	said the Colonel sternly.
67	ragged and uncared-for traced	ragged and uncared for, traced
.	an antique fragrance - the	an antique fragrance, - the

.	shrubbery, there bloomed a late poppy	shrubbery, bloomed a late scarlet poppy
.	old negro was singing -	old negro was singing, -
.	unbesought by his dependents - and the song was full of strange monotonous	unbesought by his dependents, - and the song was full of strange, monotonous
70	horse round to the door and	horse round to the door, and
72	speak to her in a lower voice,	speak to her in a lower voice, -
73	and they said farewell once more, while Tom Burton said something, half to himself, about the Christmas hunt, and a most lovely hope was in his heart.	and they said farewell once more, while Tom Burton promised something, half to himself, about the Christmas hunt. *"Je vous en prie Belle Amie,"* he whispered, and a most lovely hope was in his heart.
78	[No paragraph 78 in this version]	*This was the way that, many years ago, a Northerner found his love, a poor but noble lady in the South, and Fortune smiled again upon the ruined house of Fairford.*

Rudyard Kipling to Sarah Orne Jewett

------ Waite*
Windham Co.

Oct: 16. 1895

My dear Miss Jewett.

The Life of Nancy came yesterday and I read it then and there. I knew and had laughed over "Fame's Little Day": seen The War Debt in one of the magazines and read The Only Rose almost with tears but the others are new to me and altogether delightful -- specially "All My Sad Captains{"}: which is a perfect title. But who am I to send you compliments? I will for a change protest. Did you in the War Debt* (serial form) put in those four lines italic at the end: because I don't remember having seen them and -- I don't like them. They explain things and I loathe an explanation. Please cut 'em out in the next edition and let people guess that he married Mrs Bellamy's grand daughter. I think the best of the lot in its manner (I wonder if you think this way) is "The Guests of Mrs Timms.{"} To my thinking Miss Jewett can be when she thinks fit, masculine enough to equip three small average male story-tellers and in "The Guests of Mrs Timms" she gives proof of it. It's a kinder dry-point, firm handed work that pleases me all over.

Then the Hilton's Holiday is another of the best in another manner. It's worthwhile spending three winters in New England to be able to draw the full flavour out of your stories: and when you come to think of it, I am about the only Englishman in the business who could turn in and review such a book from the more or less inside stand point. It makes me grin sometimes when I read of some man across the water laying down possibilities and impossibilities in American tales.

We are preparing for the winter siege, digging and sodding and hauling dirt and spreading phosphates and putting the garden to rights. I hope to get a copy of The second Jungle book* by the 10th of next month when, if you will, I will send it you. With kindest regards from my wife & myself believe me

Yours always sincerely and admiringly

Rudyard Kipling.

Owen Wister (whose Arizona & army-post stories you must know) has looked in us for a day. He's a splendid young man and I think he has steam enough in him to carry him a long way. Have you ever met him. He's really and truly nice and a man.

Notes

Waite: The Kiplings' temporary home in Vermont.

Jungle book: According to Thomas Pinney in *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling* (1990, c. 2004), Kipling's *The Second Jungle Book* appeared in the U.S. on 9 November 1895 (p. 205).

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Miller Library, Special Collections, Colby College, Waterville, ME: JEWE.1.